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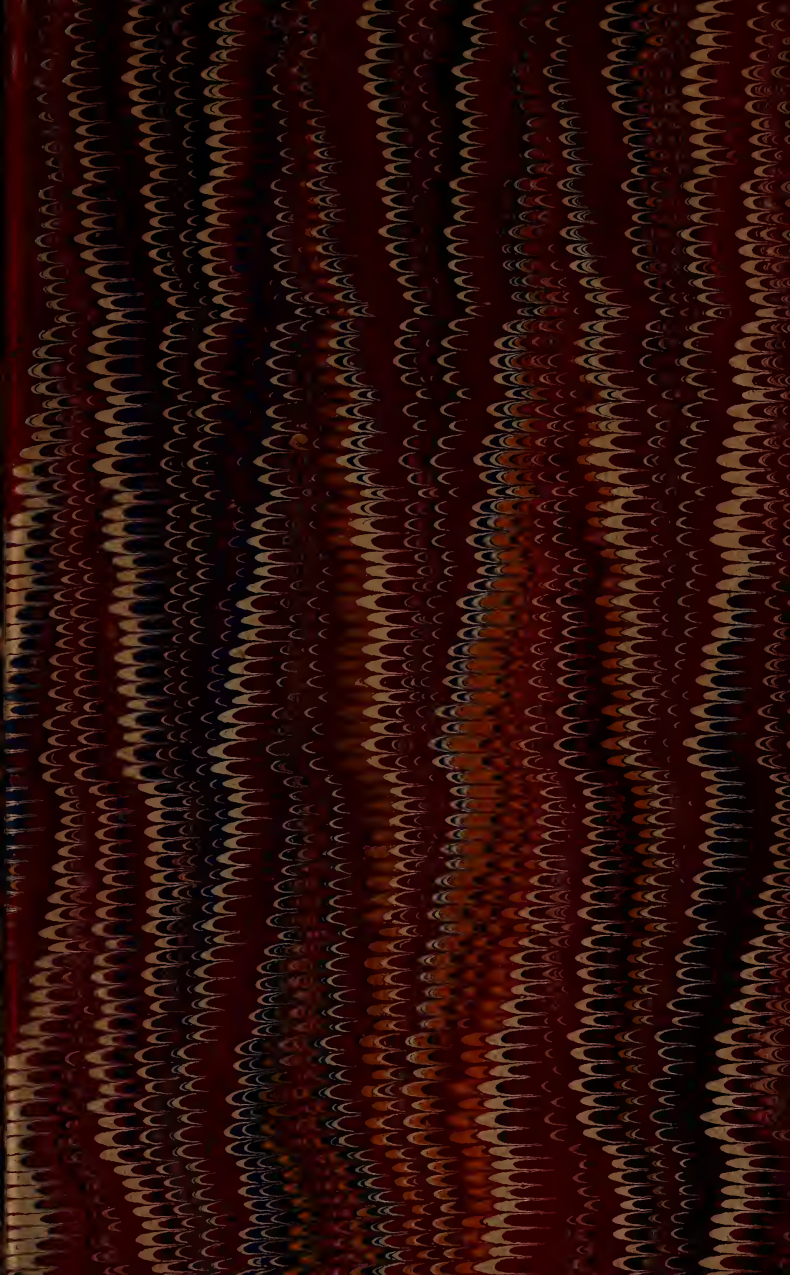
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE GEORGICS,

AND

THE BEES.



Vergilius Maro, Publius.

THE
GEORGICS

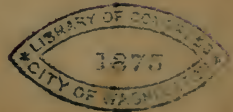
OF
VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED

BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

F. R. S. AND A. S. S.



MIDDLETOWN, (CONN.)

PRINTED FOR I. RILEY, NEW-YORK

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1803.

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RICHARD ALSOP, Printer,
Middletown, Connecticut.

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, A. M.

FELLOW OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WINTON.

DEAR SIR,

WHILE I gratify my own feelings, by thus publicly dedicating to you the following version of THE GEORGICS, and add, that it has stood the test of your criticism, I am not without fear, that to those who are acquainted with your taste and attainments in literature, I may seem to have consulted rather my own reputation, than the sentiments of disinterested friendship. You, however, cannot be mistaken in the genuine motives of this address ; and, on that account, it is unnecessary for me to repeat the assurance of my regard and affection.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

*London, Seymour Place, }
May 15, 1800.*

PREFACE.

TO offer to the Public, without apology, another version of THE GEORGICS, after several translations by authors of no mean reputation, and particularly by Dryden and Warton, would argue a disregard of their merits, and an arrogance which I wholly disclaim. On their defects, if any, it becomes not me to descant; but rather to acknowledge their respective excellencies, which it has been my endeavour to imitate. For the grace, the spirit, and dignity of the versification of the most harmonious of our poets in the last century, combined with the learning, the refined taste, and correct judgment of the most eminent of our critics, in the present, could alone have conveyed to the English reader an adequate sense of the perfection of the Latin original.

That, with these sentiments of the difficulty of the execution, I should have ventured on the work, may justly subject me to the severity of criticism; to which I shall silently submit, from the consciousness that the version, which I now offer to the Public, has not been lightly undertaken, nor negligently laboured.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
 problem is equivalent to the problem of finding
 the minimum of a certain functional. This
 functional is defined as follows:

$$J(u) = \int_{\Omega} |\nabla u|^2 dx + \int_{\Omega} f(x) u dx$$

where Ω is the domain of interest, ∇ is the gradient operator, and $f(x)$ is a given function. The minimum of this functional is attained at a function u which satisfies the boundary value problem

$$\Delta u = -f(x) \text{ in } \Omega, \quad u = 0 \text{ on } \partial\Omega$$

where Δ is the Laplace operator and $\partial\Omega$ is the boundary of Ω . The existence and uniqueness of the solution of this problem is well known.

In the second part of the paper, the problem is solved numerically. The domain Ω is discretized by a finite difference grid. The resulting problem is solved by the method of conjugate gradients. The results of the numerical solution are compared with the exact solution.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reprinting this beautiful version of the most classic poem of antiquity, the American Editor has been particularly attentive to rendering it accurate. A number of errors in the London edition have been corrected, and except in two or three instances of misplaced apostrophes, which were discovered too late for alteration, he flatters himself that it contains no inaccuracies of any importance.

In consequence of omitting the Latin, it was found that the Georgics alone would scarcely furnish sufficient matter for a handsome duodecimo volume, which induced the Editor to add Mr. Murphy's translation of the Bees from the *Prædium Rusticum*, a celebrated georgical poem by *Jacopus Vanierius*. As this contains a truer history of the polity and manners of those surprising insects than was known in the time of *Virgil*, it is hoped it may prove an acceptable addition to those readers who feel an interest in this subject.

AMERICAN EDITOR.

November, 1808.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1680.

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GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Virgil begins the Poem by propounding the subjects of his four Books : Agriculture, Planting, the Breeding of Cattle, and the management of Bees. After invoking every rural Deity, he particularly calls on Augustus Cæsar to favour his attempt. He now opens the peculiar subject of the First Book by pointing out the proper seasons for ploughing—He advises the husbandman to acquire a previous knowledge of different soils and climates, of the prevailing modes of cultivation, and of the productions suited to each country : and of these he gives several examples—He then resumes the subject, and mentions the seasons best adapted for the ploughing either of rich or of poor soils—Recommends that the ground should lie fallow, or be refreshed by change of crops, or manure—that the stubble should be burnt for the melioration of the soil ; and that the ground be duly prepared by frequent ploughing and harrowing—He now enters on the subject of sowing, and advises, that, immediately after that process, the clods be carefully broken, and the land artificially overflowed—He then proceeds to the growth of the corn, and recommends the feeding down of its rank luxuriance—He now mentions several circumstances prejudicial to agriculture, and attributes them to the will of Jove—This remark easily leads to a digression on the golden and silver ages—He then describes the origin of agriculture, and the instruments employed in it—shows how to form a judgment of the ensuing harvest, and how to medicate and select the seeds—He then marks the connexion between Agriculture and Astronomy, which points out the different seasons for sowing different grains—From this connexion he likewise introduces the description of the annual course of the sun, and of the singular varieties occasioned by the position of the poles—He further evinces

the utility of astronomical knowledge—enumerates several works to be performed in the rainy season, and what are lawful on festivals—gives an account of fortunate and unfortunate days—what works are best suited to the night—what to the day, both in summer and winter—From winter he naturally remarks on the stormy seasons, the latter end of spring, and the commencement of autumn—describes a storm in autumn—and shows how to avoid such calamities by a diligent observation of the heavens, and worship of the Gods, chiefly Ceres—Then he enumerates various prognostics of the weather—those of bad weather—those of fine weather—Further prognostics from the sun and moon—He begins with the latter—continues the subject by predictions drawn from the rising and setting of the sun—These prepare the way for a digression on the prodigies that followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and predicted the horrors of the civil wars—And he concludes with vows for Augustus, under whose government alone the world could be restored to peace and order.



GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

WHENCE joyful harvests spring, what heavenly sign
Invites the plough, and weds to elms the vine ;
How flocks and herds by kindly nature thrive,
And sage experience stores the frugal hive ;
I sing.—Ye lights of heaven ! whose sovereign sway
Leads on the year around th' ethereal way :
Bacchus and Ceres ! if beneath your reign
Earth chang'd Chaonian mast for golden grain,
And the new grape's uncultur'd vintage gave
To mix its sweets with Achelóus' wave ;
Ye, too, whose gifts my votive number's guide,
Fauns and fair Dryads that o'er swains preside ;
Thou ! whose dread trident shook the womb of earth,
And loos'd the steed, that neighing sprung to birth ;
Guardian of woods ! whose herds, a snowy train,
Browse the rich shrubs that shade the Cæan plain ;

God of the fleece, whom grateful shepherds love,
 Oh ! leave thy native haunt, Lycæus' grove ;
 And if thy Mænalus yet claim thy care,
 Hear, Tegezæan Pan ! th'invoking prayer.
 Pallas ! whose voice the olive rais'd ; and thou,
 Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough !
 Sylvanus ! waving high, in triumph borne,
 A sapling cypress with its roots uptorn ;
 Oh come, protectors of the land ! descend ;
 Each God, and Goddess, at my call attend,
 Who rear new fruits that earth spontaneous yields,
 Or feed with prosperous showers the cultur'd fields.

Thou, Cæsar, chief, where'er thy voice ordain
 To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign.....
 Wilt thou o'er cities stretch thy guardian sway,
 While earth and all her realms thy nod obey ?
 The world's vast orb shall own thy genial power,
 Giver of fruits, fair sun, and favoring shower ;
 Before thy altar grateful nations bow,
 And with maternal myrtle wreathe thy brow ;
 O'er boundless ocean shall thy power prevail,
 Thee her sole lord the world of waters hail !
 Rule where the sea remotest Thulé laves,
 While Tethy's dowers thy bride with all her waves.
 Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise,
 And, a new star, illumine thy native skies ?
 Scorpius, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,
 And more than half his heaven to thee resigns.

Where'er thy reign (for not, if hell invite
To wield the sceptre of eternal night,
Let not such lust of dire dominion move
Thee, Cæsar, to resign the realm of Jove :
Though vaunting Greece extol th' Elysian plain,
Whence weeping Ceres woos her child in vain)
Breathe fav'ring gales, my course propitious guide,
O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside ;
Now, now invok'd, assert thy heavenly birth,
And learn to hear our prayers, a God on earth.

When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow,
And Spring unbinds the mellow'd mould below,
Press the deep plough, and urge the groaning team
Where the worn shares 'mid opening furrows gleam.
Lands, o'er whose soil maturing time has roll'd
Twice summer's heat, and twice the wintry cold,
Profuse of wealth th' insatiate swain repay,
And crown with bursting barns his long delay.

Ere virgin earth first feel th' invading share,
The genius of the place demands thy care :
The culture, clime, the winds, and changeful skies,
And what each region bears, and what denies.
Here golden harvests wave, there vineyards glow,
Fruit bends the bough, or herbs unbidden grow.....
Her saffron Tmolus, Ind her ivory boasts,
Spice wings the gale round Saba's balmy coasts :
The naked Chalybes their iron yield,
The powerful castor scents the Pontic field,

While fam'd Epirus rears th' equestrian breed,
Born for the palm that crowns th' Olympic steed
In stated regions, from th' eternal Cause,
Such Nature's compact, and unbroken laws ;
Such from the time when first Deucalion hurl'd
The stones that peopled the deserted world :
Whence a new race arose upon the earth,
Hard as the stubborn flint that gave them birth.

Come, when new Spring first claims the timely toil,
Break with laborious steers the generous soil,
And give the sun, through many a summer day,
To bake the clod and feed with ripening ray ;
But in light furrows turn th' unfertile ground,
When slow Arcturus wheels his lingering round :
There, lest rude weeds should choak the rising grain,
And here, scant moisture fail the sandy plain.

Alternate fallows rest th' exhausted earth,
And gradual fit the soil for future birth ;
Or sow with golden corn the furrow'd clod,
Where the bean harvest burst the shatter'd pod,
Or the light vetch, and bitter lupine grew,
Bow'd to the gale and rattled as it blew.
Oats and the flaxen harvest burn the ground,
And poppies shedding slumberous dews around.
Yet shall thy lands from these at pleasure rear
Abundant harvests each alternate year,
If rich manure fresh life and nurture yield,
And ashes renovate th' exhausted field.

Thus lands in grateful interchange repose,
And wealth unseen beneath the fallow grows.

Much it avails to burn 'mid sterile lands
Light stubble crackling as the flame expands ;
Whether the heat long-latent nurture raise,
Or genial salts collect beneath the blaze :
Or where corruption lurk'd 'mid humours crude,
Imprison'd damps before the flame exude :
Whether it force through many an opening vein
Juice to fresh plants that clothe anew the plain,
Or brace the pores that, pervious to the day,
Felt the prone sun's intolerable ray,
To piercing showers th' expanded fissure close,
And the chill north that blisters as it blows.

Th' obdurate glebe with frequent harrow break,
Rous'd to new life each crumbling clod awake,
Plough o'er and o'er, on toil redoubling toil,
With sidelong furrow cross the furrow'd soil,
Command the fields, exert despotic sway,
Pursue thy triumph, and bid earth obey :
So shall the Gods their gifts profusely shower,
And Ceres' smile o'erpay each anxious hour.

Swains ! pray for wintry dust, and summer rain ;
Then smile the verdant mead, and golden plain :
More rich the crops on Mysia's fertile fields,
And Gargarus wonders at the wealth he yields.

Him shall I praise who, o'er the new-sown earth,
Crumbles the clods that hide th' entrusted birth,

Freshens with streams that at his pleasure glide,
 And leads their rills that wind from side to side ?
 'Mid gasping herbs when fever'd Nature dies,
 Lo ! on yon brow whence bubbling springs arise,
 The peasant, bending o'er th' expanse below,
 Directs the channel'd waters where to flow :
 Down the smooth rock melodious murmurs glide,
 And a new verdure gleams beneath the tide.

Him shall I praise, who, lest th' o'erloaded ear
 Shed with prone stem the promise of the year,
 Feeds down its rank luxuriance when the blade
 Waves level with the ridge its rising shade ;
 Or who, 'mid doubtful months, and flooding rains,
 Down the dry sand th' o'erflowing marshes drains,
 When oozy rivers far and wide expand,
 And issuing vapours smoke along the land ?

Yet when the sturdy swain and patient steer
 Have tam'd the land by many a toil severe ;
 Oft noxious geese and the Strymonian crane
 Waste with voracious bill the plunder'd grain,
 Or succory spreads beneath its bitter root,
 Or gadding branches kill th' o'ershadow'd fruit.

Not to dull Indolence and transient Toil
 Great Jove resign'd the conquest of the soil :
 He sent forth Care to rouse the human heart,
 And sharpen genius by inventive art :
 Nor tamely suffer'd earth beneath his sway
 In unproductive sloth to waste away.

Ere Jove bore rule no labour tam'd the ground,
None dar'd to raise the fence, or mark the bound ;
Nature to all her fruits profusely bore,
And the free earth, unask'd, but gave the more.
Jove to the serpent fang new venom gave,
Commanded wolves to prowl, and swell'd the wave,
From leaves their honey shook, conceal'd the fire,
And bad free streams, that flow'd with wine, retire ;
Jove will'd that use, by long experience taught,
Should force out various arts by gradual thought,
Strike from the flint's cold womb the latent flame,
And from the answering furrow nurture claim.
Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream,
And sailors watch'd each star's directing beam,
Number'd the host of heaven, and nam'd the train,
Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain ;
Then snares and lime, the beast and bird betray'd,
And deep-mouth'd hounds enclos'd the forest glade ;
Light meshes lash'd the stream with circling sweep,
And weighted nets descending dragg'd the deep ;
Then iron, and the saw's shrill-grating edge,
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge ;
Thus rous'd by varied wants new arts arose,
And strenuous Labour triumph'd at its close.

First pitying Ceres taught the famish'd swain
With iron shares to turn the stubborn plain,
What time the arbuté fail'd, and fail'd the food
Shower'd from the oak along Dodona's wood.

New cares the corn pursu'd : here mildew fed,
 There thistles rear'd aloft their horrent head :
 The harvest perishes ; with prickles crown'd,
 The burr and caltrop bristle all around :
 Their baleful growth wild oats and darnel rear,
 And tower in triumph o'er the golden ear.
 Haste then ; the earth with restless harrow wear,
 With ceaseless shout the feather'd plunderers scare,
 Lop each o'ershadowing branch with timely stroke,
 And genial showers from favoring heaven invoke,
 Or thou, on crops not thine, shalt gaze in vain,
 And, fed from shaken oaks, sad life sustain.

Now learn what arms industrious peasants wield,
 To sow the furrow'd glebe, and clothe the field :
 The share, the crooked plough, the rolling wain
 That drags along slow Ceres to her fane :
 Hurdle, and sled, and harrow's heavy load,
 And mystic van the symbol of a God.
 These wise provide, if aught of rural fame,
 Or labours lov'd of heaven, thy breast inflame.

Form'd for the crooked plough, by force subdu'd,
 Bend the tough elm yet green amid the wood :
 Beyond eight feet in length the beam extend,
 With double back the pointed share defend,
 Double the earth-boards that the glebe divide,
 And cast the furrow'd ridge on either side ;
 But light the polish'd yoke of linden bough,
 And light the beechen staff that turns the plough.

These long suspend where smoke their strength explores,
And seasons into use, and binds their pores.

Nor thou the rules, our fathers taught, despise,
Sires by long practice and tradition wise.

With ponderous roller smooth the level floor,
And bind with chalky cement o'er and o'er ;
Lest springing weeds expose thy want of art,
And worn in many a chink the surface part :
There builds the field-mouse underneath the ground,
And loads her little barns with plunder crown'd ;
There works the mole along her dark abode,
There in its hollow lurks the lonely toad,
There wastes the weevil with insatiate rage,
There the wise ant that dreads the wants of age,
And all the nameless monsters of the soil,
That swarm and fatten on thy gather'd spoil.

With many a bud if flowering almonds bloom,
And arch their gay festoons that breathe perfume,
So shall thy harvest like profusion yield,
And cloudless suns mature the fertile field :
But if the branch, in pomp of leaf array'd,
Diffuse a vain exuberance of shade,
So fails the promise of th' expected year,
And chaff and straw defraud the golden ear.

Though steep'd in nitrous juice and oily lees,
And seeth'd o'er gentle fires by slow degrees,
Oft have I seen the temper'd seeds deceive,
And o'er the treacherous pod the peasant grieve :

Save where slow patience, o'er and o'er again,
Cull'd yearly, one by one, the largest grain ;
So all, forc'd back by Fate's resistless sway,
To swift destruction falls and sad decay.

Thus, if th' unwearied oar, that boldly plied
By ceaseless struggles, scarcely stemm'd the tide,
Once, once relax, wild eddies onward sweep,
And whirl the wretch amid th' o'erwhelming deep.

Nor less intent Arcturus' train behold,
The Kid's bright beams, and Dragon's lucid fold,
Than the bold crew that sweep the Euxine o'er,
And through Abydos seek their native shore.

When poising Libra rest and labour weighs,
And parts with equal balance nights and days,
Goad, goad the steer, the barley seed enclose,
Till winter binds the ground in dead repose.
When dry the glebe, beneath the genial earth
Hide the young flax, and poppy's future birth,
And urge the harrow while the clouds impend,
And tempests gather, ere the rains descend.

When Taurus' golden horns the year unbar,
And Sirius " 'gins to pale" his yielding star,
Then beans and lucerne claim the mellow soil,
And millet springing from the yearly toil.

But if thy labour from the cultur'd plain
Exact rich wheat, strong spelt, and bearded grain,
Trust not the furrow, nor with lavish haste
The promise of the year untimely waste,

Before the Pleiads from the dawn retire,
Or Ariadne gleams with matin fire.
Swains, who, ere Maia sets, cast forth the seed,
Mourn o'er delusive crops their fruitless speed.

But if Pelusian lentils clothe the plain,
Nor thou th' unvalued bean and vetch disdain,
Wait till Boötes' lingering beams descend,
And 'mid hoar frosts thy patient toil extend.

For this the golden sun the earth divides,
And, wheel'd thro' twelve bright signs, his chariot guides.
Five zones the heaven surround: the centre glows
With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose:
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost
Dark with thick showers and unremitting frost:
Between the poles and blazing zone confin'd
Lie climes to feeble man by heaven assign'd.
'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,
And star the figur'd belt that binds the sun.
High as at Scythian cliffs the world ascends,
Thus low at Libyan plains its circle bends.
Here heaven's bright lustre gilds our glowing pole,
There gloomy Styx, and Hell's deep shadows roll:
Here the huge Snake in many a volume glides,
Winds like a stream, and either Bear divides,
The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave,
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.
There night, eternal night, and silence sleep,
And gathering darkness broods upon the deep:

Or from our clime, when fades the orient ray,
 There bright Aurora beams returning day :
 And when above Sol's fiery coursers glow,
 Late Vesper lights his evening star below.

Experience hence the doubtful storm divines,
 Seed-time and harvest marks by prescient signs ;
 When, best with cautious hand along the shore
 In treacherous seas to ply the guardian oar,
 Or launch the freighted navy 'mid the flood,
 Or fell the season'd pine that crown'd the wood.

Thus observation reads the starry sphere,
 And fourfold parts, as seasons change, the year.
 Th'industrious peasants, shelter'd from the shower,
 To timely profit turn each leisure hour ;
 Mature the works that tire th' impatient hand,
 When fairer skies far other cares demand ;
 Scoop troughs from trees, or mark each hoarded heap,
 Or head the two-horn'd forks, or brand the sheep ;
 Point the sharp stake, or edge the blunted share,
 For flexile vines the willowy wreath prepare,
 Light baskets weave with pliant osier twin'd,
 Now parch the grain, and now with millstones grind.

E'en 'mid high feasts to holy leisure giv'n
 Earth claim's a part nor fears offended Heav'n.
 Go forth ; the Gods permit, thy ditches drain,
 Fire the wild thorns, and fence the rising grain,
 Ensnare the plundering birds, and timely lave
 The bleating flock beneath the wholesome wave :

Then oft the swain each balanc'd panier loads,
 And the slow ass beneath his burden goads,
 Brings pitch and millstones home for barter'd oil,
 And fruit, cheap produce of his native soil.

Nor less the lunar orb with prescient ray
 Marks for each varying work th' appropriate day.
 Avoid the fifth, then pallid Orcus rose,
 And Furies brooding stern o'er human woes ;
 Then, with dire labour rent, the womb of Earth
 Pour'd forth her offspring of gigantic birth,
 Cæus, Iapetus, Typhæus bold,
 And kindred bands against the Gods enroll'd ;
 Thrice with enormous strength the rebels strove,
 Rock pil'd on rock, to scale the throne of Jove,
 On Pelion Ossa heave, and firmly rest
 Olympus pois'd on Ossa's towering crest.
 Jove gaz'd indignant as the structure grew,
 And, thundering, thrice the mountain mass o'erthrew.
 Seventh from the tenth, the hours propitious shine,
 To weave, to tame the steer, and plant the vine ;
 Fair guides the ninth the wanderer on his way,
 While robbers dread the inauspicious ray.

'The night to many a work advantage yields,
 Nor less the dawn that gems with dew the fields ;
 By night o'er arid meads the swathe pursue,
 And mow the stubble glittering o'er with dew.
 While some o'er wintry hearths, the livelong night,
 Point the sharp torch beneath th' unsteady light,

The housewife sooths late toil with many a song,
Her whirling shuttle shoots the loom along,
Seeths the sweet must, the trembling caldron skims,
And sweeps with wavy leaf its frothy brims.

But reap beneath the sun thy golden wheat,
And tread the ear in noontide's sultry heat.

Alone bleak Winter's unproductive reign
Rests the long labours of the wearied swain.
Then the gay hind unlocks his hoarded store,
Piles social feasts, and jests the goblet o'er ;
The genial time invites ; th' elastic mind
Springs from its load, and leaves its cares behind.
Thus, reckless of the sea's tempestuous roar,
Gay shouts the sailor on his native shore,
Decks his moor'd ship with many a votive flower,
And laughs, unmindful of the future hour.
Yet, not regardless of the wintry food,
Then gather acorns from the leafless wood,
Fruits that the olive and the bay supply,
And myrtle-berries stain'd with sanguine dye ;
Then toil the struggling stags, then cranes ensnare,
Press round her tainted maze the listening hare ;
And whirl the Balearic sling around,
And pierce the distant doe with flying wound,
When winter hides the world with gather'd snows,
And the clogg'd river freezes as it flows.

Why should I mark each storm, and starry sign,
When milder suns in Autumn swift decline ?

Or what new cares await the vernal hour,
When Spring descends in many a driving shower,
While bristle into ear the bearded plains,
And the green stalk distends its milky grains ?

E'en in mid Autumn, while the jocund hind
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and, by the roots uptorn,
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,
While in dark eddies, as the whirlwind past,
The straw and stubble flew before the blast.
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,
Heaven pour'd in torrents rushes on the plain,
And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain ;
The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore :
The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
The beasts are fled : earth rocks from pole to pole,
Fear walks the world, and bows th' astonish'd soul :
Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,
Or Athos blazing 'mid eternal snow.
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse wood, and lash the howling wave.

Preventful of the storm, with prescient view
The monthly signs and nightly orbs pursue,

Whither cold Saturn's lingering star retires,
Or swift Cyllenius shifts his wandering fires.

But, chief, with frequent prayer the Gods implore,
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore ;
When Winter flies, and Spring new robes the ground,
When mild the wine, and lambkins gaily bound,
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclin'd
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind ;
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,
Her pure libation, honey, milk, and wine ;
Let the long choir with shouting pomp proceed,
And thrice round teeming fields the victim lead :
Nor let a blade beneath the sickle fall,
'Till to their roofs the swains the Goddess call,
Rude rustic carols to her praise resound,
And, wreath'd with oak, in untaught measures bound.

At Jove's behest unerring signs disclose
Rain, and fierce heat, and tempests swoln with snows :
Jove bade the moon along her varying way
Mark by foreboding change the coming day ;
When gales should lull, and when th' experienc'd swain
From distant range his shelter'd herd restrain.

Lo ! to the gathering storm, amid the deep
The troubled ocean swells its billowy sweep,
Loud rings the crash upon the mountain brow,
Hoarse murmurs mingle from the shores below,
And ceaseless rustling of each woodland vale
Sighs to the horrors of the rushing gale.

High toss the ships, when screaming cormorants sweep
Along the shore, and leave th' untasted deep,
When sea-coots hastening back, with wanton wing,
Skim round the beach in many a sportive ring,
And herna voracious quit their finny prey,
Dart through the clouds, and wing their viewless way.

Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,
Star after star glide headlong down the skies,
And, where they shot, long trails of lingering light
Sweep far behind, and gild the shades of night ;
Oft the fall'n foliage wing its airy way,
And floating feathers on the water play.
When lightning flashes from the northern pole,
From east to west when thunders widely roll,
The deluge pours, and, fearful of the gale,
The conscious seaman furls his dripping sail.
Not unforeseen the showery tempests rage ;
Earth, ocean, air, the gradual storm presage.
The crane beneath his flight sees clouds arise,
Folds his aerial wing, and downward flies ;
The heifers gaze aloft where vapours sail,
And with wide nostril drink the distant gale ;
The twittering swallow skims the pool around ;
Along the marshes croaking frogs resound ;
Ants, as from secret cells their eggs they bear,
Each following each, the track continuous wear ;
The vast bow drinks ; and, rustling on the wing,
The crows beneath their plumes wide darkness fling.

Then shalt thou view the birds that haunt the main,
Or where Cayster floods the Asian plain,
Dash forth large drops that down their plumage glide,
Dance on the billows, dive beneath the tide,
In gay contention dip their wings in vain,
And prelude, as they sport, th' impending rain :
But o'er dry sands the raven stalks alone,
Swells her full voice, and calls the tempest down.
Nor yet unconscious of the threatening gloom
The virgin labours o'er the nightly loom,
When sputtering lamps flash forth unsteady fire,
And round th' o'erloaded wick dull flames expire.

Nor less, 'mid showers, propitious signs display
Returning sunshine, and unclouded day ;
Then 'mid refulgent stars the orb of night
Seems like a sun to shed unborrow'd light :
Then nor the rack across the ether driven
Silters with fleecy cloud the face of heaven,
Nor halcyons, lov'd of Thetis, haunt the strand,
And to the sun their glittering plumes expand ;
Nor swine the stubble toss : but dark and deep,
Low on the plain incumbent vapours sweep ;
And the lone owl, that eyes the setting ray,
Pours from her tower in vain the nightly lay.
Lo ! Nisus soars aloft through liquid air,
And claims sad vengeance for his purple hair :
Where with stretch'd wing swift Scylla cuts the skies,
Behind, on rustling plume, fierce Nisus flies :

And where swift Nisus towers, her forward flight
Darts far away, and cleaves th' aerial height.
Hush'd their hoarse pipe, and prest to clearer notes,
Rooks to redoubled echoes strain their throats ;
Oft, wild with rapture, on the woodland height
Mingle the murmur of confus'd delight,
Sport in the leaves, and joy, the tempest o'er,
To see their brood and happy nest once more.

Prescient they sing, yet not from wisdom given
By fate or Jove to know the will of Heaven :
But still through Nature's vast and varied range,
The air's vicissitudes, and season's change,
New instincts sway, and their inconstant mind
Shifts with the clouds, and varies with the wind :
Hence frisk the kine, mirth swells the woodland notes,
And rooks, exulting, strain their gurgling throats.

If, mindful of the sun's revolving speed,
And moons, that, mov'd in order'd course, succeed,
No treacherous signs announce th' expected day,
Nor faithless nights shall flatter and betray.
If, when the moon renews her gather'd fires,
Hid in black clouds her sullen horn retires,
Dark o'er the wasted earth, and stormy main,
In torrents drives the congregated rain.
Or if with virgin blush young Cynthia blaze,
Tempestuous winds succeed the golden rays ;
But if (unerring sign) the orb of night
Clear wheel through heaven her fourth increasing light,

Rain nor rude blast shall vex that hallow'd day,
 And thus the month shall glide serene away,
 While rescu'd sailors on their native shore
 With votive gifts each ocean God adore.

Alike, with orient beams, or western rays,
 The sun, that ne'er deceives, each change displays :
 Sure signs, that cannot err, the sun attend,
 At day's first dawn, or when the stars ascend.

When many a spot his rising lustre shrouds,
 Half-hid the disk beneath a veil of clouds,
 Thick from the South the gathering deluge sprung,
 Foams the strown corn, and herds, and woods among.
 If dull at morn with many a scatter'd beam
 Through vapourous haze the light obscurely gleam,
 Or if Aurora lift her mournful head,
 And with pale aspect leave Tithonus' bed,
 In vain the leaf shall curl ripe clusters round,
 While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound.
 But chief observe along his western way
 Each hue that varies at the close of day.
 The rains descend when dusky tints prevail ;
 When red discolour, dread th' infuriate gale :
 If spots immingle streak'd with gleams of fire,
 Rain and fierce wind to vex the world conspire :
 That night my anchor'd bark shall sleep on shore,
 While loud and long the storms o'er ocean roar.
 But if the orb, at dawn that brightly rose,
 With radiant beam its course of glory close,

Dread not the threatening clouds, their transient gloom
Shall fly before the North's dispersing plume.
Last, what late eve shall bring, what winds prevail ;
And all that Auster plans with humid gale,
View, where the sun's prophetic signs display,
Nor dare mistrust the God that gives the day.
He, too, with frequent portent deigns presage
Blind tumult, treasons, and intestine rage.
He too, when Rome deplor'd dead Cæsar's fate,
Felt her deep woe, and mourn'd her hapless state ;
What time in iron clouds he veil'd his light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor less dread signals shook the earth and wave,
Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave ;
How oft we view'd, along th' expanse below,
Wide seas of fire down shatter'd Ætna flow,
While globes of flame the red volcano threw,
And fervid rocks that lighten'd as they flew !
O'er all the sky, Germania heard afar
The bray of arms that clang'd th' aerial war ;
The Alpine regions of eternal snow
Reel'd with unusual earthquakes to and fro ;
Shapes, wondrous pale, by night were seen to rove,
And a loud voice oft shook the silent grove.
Fix'd are the floods ; earth widely yawns below,
And beasts, in human accents, murmur'd woe.
The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls ;

Monarch of rivers, raging far and wide,
 Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide,
 Down the wide deluge whirls uprooted woods,
 And wastes the earth with desolating floods.
 That time nor ceas'd the wells with blood to flow,
 Nor spotted entrails ceas'd foreboding woe,
 Nor ceas'd loud echoes nightly to repeat
 The wolf's fierce howl along th' unpeopled street.
 Such lightnings never fir'd th' unclouded air,
 Nor comets trail'd so oft their blazing hair.
 For this in equal arms Philippi view'd
 Rome's kindred bands again in gore embru'd,
 The Gods twice fed broad Hæmus with our host,
 And bath'd with Roman blood th' Emathian coast.
 There, after length of time, the peaceful swain
 Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain,
 Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
 And hollow helms that clash beneath the share,
 And, 'mid their yawning graves, amaz'd behold
 Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.

Ye native Gods ! ye tutelary powers
 Of Tuscan Tiber, and the Roman towers ;
 Thou Vesta ! and thou founder of our name,
 Guide of our arms and guardian of our fame,
 Oh ! let this youth a prostrate world restore,
 Save a wreck'd age, and sooth to peace once more.
 Enough, enough of blood already spilt
 Sates vengeful Gods for Troy's perfidious guilt ;

Already envious heavens, thee, Cæsar, claim,
And deem the earth subdu'd below thy fame ;
Where, right and wrong in mad confusion hurl'd,
New crimes alarm, new battles thin the world.
None venerate the plough : waste earth deplores
Her swains to slaughter dragg'd on distant shores ;
Far, far they fall from their uncultur'd lands,
And scythes transform'd to falchions arm their hands ;
Here mail'd Euphrates, there Germania bleeds,
Death neighboring towns to kindred slaughter leads ;
Mars arms the globe. Thus, steed provoking steed,
Bursts from the bars, and maddens in his speed ;
'The guide, bent back, each wearied sinew strains,
On flies th' infuriate car, and mocks the starting reins.



G E O R G I C S.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

The Poet, after a brief recapitulation of the subject of the former Book, and a general notice of that of the present, on planting, begins with an invocation to Bacchus, the patron of the vine. Then he mentions how trees are originally produced by nature, spontaneously, from seeds and suckers—Then, the various methods employed by human art—Suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and engrafting—Having thus generally opened the subject, he invokes the assistance of Mæcenas. He now shows by what culture, trees of spontaneous growth may be meliorated—Then, the best methods of artificial culture, which he here concludes by a detailed description of inoculating and ingrafting—This leads him to an enumeration of several species of trees, and varieties of vines—He observes that different plants are the natural produce of different soils and situations, and that the world itself may be divided into regions distinguished by their respective vegetable productions—Of these he gives several examples, and concludes the remark by a description of the citron-tree of Media—This account of remarkable plants, the growth of foreign countries, prepares the way for a beautiful digression on the praises of Italy—He now resumes his remarks on soils, and mentions those best suited for olives, vines, pasture, and corn—then gives instructions by which the several soils may be ascertained—He enters now into a more particular detail of the culture of the vine, and on the different modes of planting a vineyard, either on hill, or plain—gives instructions relative to the depth of trenches—further precepts relative to vineyards, and a particular caution against the intermixture of the wild olive with them, lest its unctuous bark should accidentally catch fire, and destroy the whole plantation—This calamity most poetically described—He then gives instructions concerning the proper seasons

for planting the vines, in autumn and spring; and digresses on the charms and utility of the spring—Further directions about layers, and of dunging, and placing stones and shells at the roots of the plants, of digging the beds, and of the propping and pruning the vines—He now mentions the necessity of making hedges to defend the young plants from the cattle, particularly goats—This last circumstance leads to a digression on the sacrifices to Bacchus—he again insists on the ceaseless labour required in digging, dressing, and pruning the vineyard—To these toils he opposes the facility in the culture of the olive, and shows the benefits we derive from various useful plants, the free gifts of Nature—These, in many instances, he prefers to the vine, not unfrequently the cause of crimes and slaughter—Hence, in contrast to a scene of bacchic tumult, to the unquiet splendours of courts, and the vain pursuits of mankind, he expatiates on the advantages of philosophical studies, and on the innocence, security, and utility of a country life—and with this exquisite digression he concludes the Second Book.



GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

THUS far of heavenly signs, and cultur'd plains :
Bacchus ! thy praise now claims the votive strains :
With thee, I join each shrub, and woodland shoot,
And olives slowly ripening into fruit.

Oh come, Lenzan sire ! lo ! all around,
Blest by thy bounty teems th' exulting ground :
Through thee, dark clusters purple o'er the plain,
And the prest vintage foams in every vein :
Oh cast thy buskins off, thy votary join,
Stain in new must thy limbs, and crush th' o'erflowing vine !

At first, by various ways, o'er hill and plain,
Spontaneous woods cloth'd Nature's wild domain.
Some rise at will, and, with uncultur'd shade,
Fringe the wide streams and darken all the glade ;
There the tall poplar towers, the broom extends,
O'er her dank bed the pliant osier bends,

And azure willows shifting to the gale
Turn their hoar leaf, that silvers o'er the vale.
Some high in air from scatter'd seed arise ;
Hence the tall chesnut spreads her stately size,
Huge æsculus o'ershadowing all the grove,
And Grecian oaks that spoke the will of Jove.
Here self-form'd forests, sprouting from the root,
Crowd where thick elms and clustering cherries shoot,
And the green bay, in pomp of leaf array'd,
O'er the frail sucker spreads her parent shade.
Thus varying nature first the desert crown'd,
And shrub, and grove, and forest rose around.

By gradual use and long experience taught,
Art a new race to fair perfection brought.
Some from the tender mother's bleeding wound
Slip the young shoot, and plant the furrow'd ground ;
Others, large sets in earth's deep bosom hide,
Edge their sharp points, or, fourfold-split, divide :
In arches, these within their native bed
The living layers round their parent spread ;
These ask no root, and from the topmost spray
Boldly the planters cut the sprout away,
And, fearless of success to earth once more
The gadding twig, that wav'd in air, restore.
In each cleft piece the olive lives again,
Puts forth new roots, and clothes the wondering plain,
And oft unhurt the trees transform'd assume
Leaves not their own, and fruit of alien bloom ;

On the chang'd pear engrafted apples grow,
And cornels redden o'er the plum below.

Learn then what arts each varying species suit,
And tame by culturing skill the savage fruit :
Bid bloom the waste, o'er Ismarus vineyards spread,
And shade with olives bleak Taburnum's head.

And thou ! propitious, o'er my course preside ;
Light of my life, my glory and my guide !
Oh come, Mæcenas ! fill th' adventurous sail,
And breathe o'er opening seas the genial gale.
Not mine the wish all nature to rehearse,
And bound her wonders in the crowded verse :
Not, though, at will, I mov'd an hundred tongues,
And breath'd unnumber'd notes from iron lungs.
Oh come ! with cautious helm the coast explore,
Guide with firm hand and steer along the shore !
Here no vain fable shall thy ear detain,
Nor long preamble load the mazy strain.

Trees that spontaneous drink th' ethereal light,
Unfruitful spring, yet flourish fair to sight ;
For nature, working in their vigorous bed,
Gives the tall stem to rise, the branch to spread :
But these transplanted, or by grafts reclaim'd,
By culturing skill their savage nature tam'd,
Ere-long with fair increase thy toil repay,
And, train'd at pleasure, every call obey.
Nor less, the steril shoots that droop'd on earth
Beneath the spreading boughs that gave them birth,

And o'er their languid head dark shadows threw,
 Nip't the pale fruit, and kill'd with poisonous dew,
 In open fields transpos'd fresh life inhale,
 And with new fragrance scent the vernal gale.

Slow grows from seeds the tree, and, long delay'd,
 For distant times reserves its sullen shade ;
 Their former flavour lost, wild fruits decay,
 And birds unscar'd on grapes degenerate prey :
 All, all alike the nurturing trench require,
 Arts that improve, and toils that never tire.

Myrtles from boughs, from truncheons olives rise,
 The flexile layer fairest vines supplies ;
 Lo ! too from suckers hardy hazels born,
 Trees whose thick leaves th' Herculean brow adorn,
 The oaken forest of Chaonian Jove,
 The stately palm that towers above the grove,
 Vast ash, and firs that from their mountain steep
 Rush 'mid the floods, and dare the stormy deep.

O'er the rough arbuté grafted walnuts spread
 Leaves not their own, and stranger blossoms shed ;
 Luxuriant apples load the steril planes,
 The beech the chesnut's flowery pomp sustains,
 Pears crown the mountain ash with silver wreath,
 And swine fall'n acorns craunch the elm beneath.

Experienc'd art by varying culture knows
 To graft the cion, or the bud enclose.
 Where the swoln gem, in vernal vigour bold,
 Bursts through the bark, and breaks each yielding fold,

Slit the mid knot, and, in the wound confin'd,
Teach the strange bud to wed the bleeding rind :
Or cut the knotless bole, and fix the spray
Where 'mid the wood deep wedges force their way.
Fill'd with new life, ere-long the tree ascends,
And far and wide its branching pomp extends,
Waves its aerial brow, to heaven aspires,
And its new leaves and foreign fruit admires.

A varying species varying elms supplies,
New willows wave, and other loti rise ;
Not one the cypress on th' Idæan height,
Nor one the olive swelling on the sight ;
Of changeful aspect, orchí, radii shoot,
And pausia noted for their bitter fruit.
Apples of varying flavour, form, and flower,
Deck'd with mix'd hues Alcinous' blooming bower.
How different Syrian, and Crustumian pears !
How bent the bough that vast Volemi bears !
Italia's hills far other vintage yield,
Than Lesbos gathers from Methymna's field.
Here Ægypt's silver grape rich mould demands,
There Thasian clusters bloom in lighter lands.
Dried in the sun-beams Psythian raisins glow,
And staggering draughts from sharp lageos flow ;
Soon reels the foot beneath th' inebriate juice,
And the chain'd tongue, confus'd, forgets its use.
Here, purple clusters jocund earth illumé,
There, tendrils earliest wreath'd in vernal bloom.

How shall I praise thee, boast of Rhætian hills ?
 Alone Falernum richer juice distils.
 Proud Tmolus bows to Aminæan wines,
 And crown'd Phanæus' cluster'd brow inclines :
 And, far o'er all, the lesser Argite, fam'd
 For fullest flood by length of time untam'd.
 Nor be thou, Rhodian ! lov'd of Gods, unsung,
 Or swelling clusters from Bumastus sprung.
 But vain the wish, th'imperfect labour vain,
 To rank their various tribes, or name the train.
 Go, number first th' innumerable sands
 Whirl'd by the western blast round Libyan lands ;
 Or tell, when Eurus sweeps th' Ionian o'er,
 The multitud'nous waves that lash the shore.

Not every soil each varying race supplies :
 Willows by streams, in marshes alders rise,
 Wild ashes wave bleak promontories o'er,
 Gay myrtles blossom on the sea-beat shore,
 Along the sunny uplands vineyards glow,
 And yews ascend 'mid tempests wing'd with snow.

The cultivated globe's far tenants trace,
 The Arabs here, there Scythia's painted race ;
 Behold how Nature parts the varied earth,
 And bounds the regions by her sylvan birth :
 Lo ! India's realm alone dark ebon bears,
 And incense floats on soft Sabæan airs :
 There trees weep balsam from the trickling wound,
 And here with berries green acanthus crown'd.

Soft wool from downy groves the Æthiop weaves,
 And Seres comb their fleece from silken leaves.
 Say, shall I mark what woods gigantic wave
 O'er Indian seas that earth's last boundary lave,
 Where the spent shaft, from skilful Indians sped,
 Turns ere it strike the tree's aerial head?
 Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung,
 Though harsh its juice and lingering on the tongue.
 When the drug'd bowl 'mid witching curses brew'd,
 Wastes the pale youth by stepdame hate pursu'd,
 Its powerful aid unbinds the mutter'd spell,
 And frees the victim from the draught of hell.
 Large, like the bay, and were its sweets the same,
 The tree itself had known no other name;
 Before the wind its leaves unscatter'd play,
 The flowers unbroken blossom on the spray:
 Its fragrant scent relieves th' infected breath,
 And breast that pants beneath incumbent death.
 Yet nor the Median groves, nor rivers, roll'd,
 Ganges, and Hermus, o'er their beds of gold,
 Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land
 Where incense spreads o'er rich Panchaia's sand,
 Nor all that fancy paints in fabled lays,
 Oh native Italy! transcend thy praise.
 Though here no bulls beneath th' enchanted yoke
 With fiery nostril o'er the furrow smoke,
 No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield,
 Spear and bright helmet bristling o'er the field;

Yet golden corn each laughing valley fills,
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore,
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.
Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe,
Clitumnus ! hence thy herds, more white than snow,
And stately bull, that, of gigantic size,
Supreme of victims on the altar lies,
Bath'd in thy sacred stream oft led the train
When Rome in pomp of triumph deck'd the fane.
Here Spring perpetual leads the laughing Hours,
And Winter wears a wreath of summer flowers :
Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the year,
And twice the teeming flocks their offspring rear.
Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,
No tempting aconite the touch betrays,
No monstrous snake th' uncoiling volume trails,
Or gathers orb on orb his iron scales.
But many a peopled city towers around,
And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd,
And many an antique wall whose hoary brow
O'ershades the flood that guards its base below.
Say, shall I add, enclos'd on either side,
What seas defend thee, and what lakes divide ?
Thine, mighty Larius ? or, with surging waves,
Where, fierce as ocean, vext Benacus raves ?
Havens and ports, the Lucrine's added mole,
Seas that enrag'd along their bulwark roll,

Where Julian waves reject th'indignant tide,
And Tuscan billows down Avernus glide ?
Here brass and silver ores rich veins expose,
And pregnant mines exhaustless gold enclose.
Blest in thy race, in battle unsubdu'd,
The Marsian youth, and Sabine's hardy brood,
By strenuous toil the bold Ligurians steel'd,
And spear-arm'd Volsci that disdain to yield :
Camilli, Marii, Decii, swell thy line,
And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio, thine !
Thou Cæsar ! chief, whose sword the East o'erpow'rs,
And the tam'd Indian drives from Roman towers.
All hail, Saturnian earth ! hail, lov'd of fame,
Land, rich in fruits, and men of mighty name !
For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,
For thee, the rules of ancient art restore,
'Themes, once to glory rais'd again rehearse,
And pour through Roman towns th' Ascræan verse.

Now learn the strength and colour of the fields,
What varying fruits their varying nature yields.
Know first, th' ungenial hill, and barren land,
Where steril beds of hungry clay expand,
And thorns and flints deface the rugged earth,
Demand the long-liv'd plants, Palladian birth.
Wild olives there from many a wanton shoot
Shower the rude berry and uncultur'd fruit.
But fertile land, by genial moisture fed,
Where the thick herbage mats th' exuberant bed,

Land, such as wanderers on the mountain brow
View in the shelter'd vale that smiles below,
O'er whose green bosom many a lively rill
Rich nurture streams from each o'erhanging hill :
And plains that to the south their upland turn,
And rear, abhorr'd by ploughs, th' unfruitful fern ;
There shall large grapes on crowded clusters grow,
Wines that to gods from golden bowls o'erflow,
When the swoln Tuscan pipes th' invoking strain,
And bending chargers smoke before the fane.
Do tender lambs thy pastoral care invite,
Kine with their calves, or wanton kids delight ?
Seek far Tarentum's glades and fertile shores,
And plains which hapless Mantua still deplores,
Where silver swans along the Mincio glide,
And crop the herbage that o'erhangs the tide.
There, as thy flocks slow wind along the vale,
No blade shall wither, and no fountain fail,
Cool dews restore beneath night's transient hours
All that thy herd each live-long day devours.

For wheaten harvests Nature points her bed
Black, rich, and crumbling underneath the tread :
Such as the swains by gradual art prepare,
And form and fashion by the culturing share ;
Homeward at nightfall from no fairer plain
The tir'd ox slowly drags the frequent wain.
Or where rich soil has idly slept unknown,
Age after age by forest wilds o'ergrown,

Th' indignant peasant fells th' uprooted wood,
 And ancient mansions of the feather'd brood ;
 The houseless exiles wing the waste of air,
 Gay gleams the land new-opening to the share.

But where th' unequal champaign swells around,
 And hungry gravel starves the barren ground,
 There rosemary and casia scarce distil
 Sweets for the bee that murmurs round the hill :
 And mouldering stones that crumble to decay, [way,
 And chalk where black'ning snakes have gnaw'd their
 There lurks in winding caves the serpent breed,
 And gathers poison from each baleful weed.

Where lands light clouds and vapourous fog exhale,
 Drink, and at will with mists condense the gale,
 Clothe their green lap with grass that never fades,
 Nor rust the share that cuts their humid blades ;
 There shall the olive spread her fruitful race,
 There marriageable vines the elm embrace ;
 And there, alike indulgent to the swain,
 Grass feed the flock, or furrows glow with grain.
 Such the rich land that round fam'd Capua lies,
 Such, where Vesuvius' giant heights arise,
 Or where prone Clanius, raging far and wide,
 Pours o'er Acerræ's waste its torrent tide.

Now mark the rules by sage experience tried,
 Rules that the nature of each soil decide.
 Seek'st thou to know the land, if dense or rare,
 This fit for vines, that suited to the share ?

For Ceres floats with gold the denser plain,
And o'er the rare, Lyæus loves to reign :
With careful eye select th' appropriate ground,
'There sink in solid earth a pit profound ;
Then to the land its former soil restore,
And press with frequent footstep o'er and o'er.
Sinks the loose mould beneath its former bed ?
There give thy flocks to range, thy vines to spread ;
But if the stubborn earth its bounds disdain,
Rise round the pit, and stiffen on the plain,
Along th' obdurate glebe and ling'ring clay
Break with resistless steers thy forceful way.
Test of the soil, where bitter salts abound,
Where never ploughshare meliorates the ground,
Where the vine droops, and fruits, renown'd of fame,
Lose, as they fade, their nature and their name :
Take, where they hung thy smoky roof beneath,
Strainers and baskets splash'd with osier wreath ;
There heap th' infected earth, and closely tread,
Mix'd with pure water from the fountain head ;
Then as the struggling exudations flow,
Forc'd through the osiers drop by drop below,
The saturated streams the soil betray,
And lips, that taste, distorted turn away.
Like pitch, close prest, the fat uncrumbling land
Cleaves to the touch, and spreads beneath the hand.
The humid earth large herbs luxuriant feeds,
And with rank wildness clothes th' unfaithful meads :

Ne'er may be mine tall blades that proudly tow'r,
 And mock the promise of their vernal hour !
 Their weight at once the light and dense betrays ;
 At once the sight each varying hue surveys :
 But cold, that slowly starves th' entrusted birth,
 Lurks unperceiv'd beneath the doubtful earth,
 Save where tall pines and baleful yews arise,
 And ivy darken'd with funereal dyes.

Go then, forewarn'd, thy timely beds provide,
 With frequent trenches wound the mountain side,
 To northern gales th' inverted earth expose,
 Long ere thy fields the tender vines enclose.
 Gay smiles the mellow soil, where frost and wind
 And the strong hand of toil the glebe unbind. ❧

But cautious swains with more than common care
 Beds, like the soil that bore the shoots, prepare,
 Lest the weak offspring, from their mother torn,
 The sudden change and alien nurture mourn.
 Some, where keen Boreas smote, or southern wind
 Foster'd the vernal bloom, inscribe the rind :
 Each as it stood, again transplanted rear :
 So custom strongly sways the youthful year.

Seek first if hill or plain thy vines invite ;
 If rich the plain, there crowded plants unite :
 If earth unequal swell with sloping banks,
 Spread in free space, and range in open ranks :
 Yet not the less in measur'd bounds confine,
 Square the set vines, and station line by line.

As when the legion o'er the plain afar
 Unfolds its spreading cohorts rang'd for war,
 When opposite in arms the squadrons stand,
 And gleaming steel wide waves o'er all the land ;
 Nor yet in conflict, shield has clash'd on shield,
 Nor death defac'd the glory of the field ;
 But preluding the battle, ere it bleeds,
 Mars wheels 'mid either host his fiery steeds :
 Thus shall the vineyard, rang'd in graceful rows,
 No idle pomp to lure the sight expose,
 But every plant shall equal nurture share,
 And with like freedom spread its boughs in air.

Seek'st thou what stated depth the trenches claim ?
 Not one their produce, nor their beds the same.
 Trust to light furrows, trust the tender vine,
 But, fix'd in earth's deep bed, large trees confine :
 Chief, æsculus, whose head as high aspires,
 Low as his root to central night retires.
 Vainly the wintry blast invades his brow,
 Vainly the torrent floods his base below :
 Unmov'd he sees round ages ages roll'd,
 Sees nations perish, and the world wax old,
 Wide spreads his vigorous branches o'er the plains,
 And on his central trunk th' o'ershadowing mass sustains.

Where bloom thy vines, no hazel growth enclose,
 Nor on their ranks let western suns repose ;
 Nor topmost shoots select, but cull the race
 Where earth-bound plants the parent stem embrace :

Nor with blunt knife the gadding tendril wound,
 Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.
 For oft, by careless shepherds left behind,
 Fire lurks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,
 Seizes the trunk, amid the branches soars,
 Sweeps through the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars :
 From bough to bough th' insulting victor spreads,
 Pursues his conquest o'er their topmost heads,
 Sheets the whole wood in flame, and, upwards driven,
 Blackens the sun, and fills the cope of heaven ;
 But chief, whene'er the rushing blast conspires,
 Kindles each spark, and gathers all their fires.
 Ah ! hope not from the root reviving bloom !
 No kindred race, shall flourish from the tomb ;
 Sad 'mid their ashes, o'er the desert strown,
 Stands the wild olive in the waste alone.

Dare not to plant when wintry Boreas blows,
 Leave sullen earth in undisturb'd repose :
 Shrunk are her frozen pores, and, clos'd with cold,
 Forbid the root to pierce th' unyielding mould.
 Wait, till, returning on the gale of Spring,
 The snake-fed bird unfolds his silver wing,
 Or the slope sun his flying axle speeds,
 And, ere bleak Winter, Autumn chills the meads.

Spring comes, new bud the field, the flower, the grove,
 Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love :
 Æther, great lord of life, his wings extends,
 And on the bosom of his bride descends,

With show'rs prolific feeds the vast embrace
 That fills all nature, and renews her race.
 Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,
 The pastur'd meads with bridal echoes ring ;
 Bath'd in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
 Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds :
 The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
 The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
 And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
 Spreads without fear, each blossom, leaf, and flower.

Yes ! lovely Spring ! when rose the world to birth,
 Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,
 Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
 And no bleak gale on infant Nature blew.
 When herds first drank the light, from Earth's rude bed
 When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,
 When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
 And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven ;
 Then as through all the vital spirit came,
 And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame,
 Each tender being, struggling into life,
 Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
 But thy mild season, each extreme between,
 Soft nurse of Nature, gave the golden mean.

Are the plants set ? protect their infant rows,
 Feed with manure, with nurturing mould enclose ;
 Shells in their bed, and spongy stones inhume,
 To draw the dew down earth's imbibing womb ;

Hence shall each root new life and strength inhale,
And catch the spirit of the genial gale.
Nor are there not, who ponderous fragments spread,
Large stones and tiles that press their loaded bed,
Alike to guard against tempestuous rain,
Or shade when Sirius cleaves the thirsty plain.

The plants now fix'd, th' unwearied work pursue ;
Oft round their shelter'd roots the soil renew,
Oft with laborious drags the clods unbind,
And 'mid their ranks the struggling bullocks wind ;
Then with light reed, peel'd osier's flexile spear,
Ash-pole, and forky stake, the vineyard rear,
Till the propt tendrils, train'd from stage to stage,
Crown the tall elm, and brave the tempest's rage.

When the new leaf in Spring's luxuriant time
Clothes the young shoot, oh! spare its tender prime ;
And when the gadding tendril, wildly gay,
Darts into air, and wings its wanton way,
Indulgent yet the knife's keen edge forbear,
But nip the leaves, and lighten here and there.
But when in lusty strength the amorous vine
Clings with strong shoots that all the elm entwine,
Range with free steel, exert tyrannic sway,
Lop the rank bough, and crush th' exuberant spray.

Now with thick-woven hedge the vines enclose,
And guard from wand'ring herds their shelter'd rows,
Chief when, with opening foliage newly crown'd,
The tendrils dread the unaccustom'd wound.

Not the prone sun alone, and icy gale,
But savage buffaloes the shoots assail ;
There persecuting goats devour the boughs,
And nibbling sheep and greedy heifers browse.
Yet, nor the soil with hoary frosts o'erspread,
Nor suns that scorch the mountain's arid head,
Hurt like the flock, whose venom'd teeth deface
The wounded bark, and scar the bleeding race.

For this the goat, that on the vineyard feeds,
Victim to Bacchus, on each altar bleeds :
For this the goat first crown'd the scenic song,
When round their hamlets rov'd th' Athenian throng,
And wild with joy and wine, in grassy plains
'Mid oily bladders leap'd the bounding swains.
Nor less Ausonian hinds, the race of Troy,
Sport in rude rhymes, and shout their tipsy joy ;
Grim masks of bark deform the laughing band,
And, Bacchus ! Bacchus ! rings around the land :
While on high pines his waving figures hung,
Float to and fro the breezy boughs among.
Where'er the God his gracious front inclines,
There plenty gushes from the loaded vines,
Down richer vallies fragrant clusters breathe,
And hills grow dark their purple weight beneath.
Then pile the charger, hallow'd offerings bring ;
Songs, that our fathers taught, to Bacchus sing :
Lead by the horns the goat, and, duly slain,
Slow roast on hazel spits before the fane.

Yet other cares to dress the vine require
Exhaustless pains, and hands that never tire.
If turn'd the ground, thrice urge the yearly toil ;
Break with bent prongs, and ceaseless work the soil ;
Lighten the boughs with leaves superfluous crown'd,
While the long year but rolls new labours round.

E'en when at last the north has blown away
The lonely leaf that shiver'd on the spray,
Th' unwearied peasant, as his labour ends,
O'er all the coming year his care extends,
Prunes the bare vine, unblest with fruit, or shade,
And shapes its future growth beneath the blade.

First of the swains th' impatient furrow turn,
First of the swains the shoots superfluous burn,
And first beneath thy roof the props repose,
Last, strip thy vines at autumn's lingering close.
Twice, countless leaves their loaded boughs o'ershade,
Weeds and wild brambles twice their beds invade :
If such the ceaseless toil, large fields commend ;
But till'd with care thy bounded portion tend.
Go, cut the broom that shoots along the wood,
And reeds and willows that o'erhang the flood.
At length the toil is o'er, the vines are bound,
The blunted knife lies idle on the ground ;
Th' o'erwearied dresser sings in sweet repose
At the last rank where all his labours close ;
Yet must he turn the soil, and dread lest Jove
On the ripe clusters rush, and waste the purple grove.

Not tortur'd thus to frail and feeble life,
 The olive slowly grows beneath the knife,
 When once her root has pierc'd the soil below,
 Or genial breezes wanton'd round her brow.
 Earth, loosen'd by the spade, with moisture feeds,
 And fruit unstinted to the plough succeeds.
 Then go, and, grateful for the blest increase,
 With happiest culture rear the plant of peace.

Nor less, when once the vigorous cions rise,
 Nature herself the apple's growth supplies,
 Gives with internal strength to dart in air,
 And scorn the littleness of human care.
 On every wood unlabour'd plenty grows,
 Round each wild nest th' uncultur'd berry glows ;
 Th' unconquer'd cytissus, profuse of life,
 Shoots from the wound, and buds beneath the knife ;
 Firs and tall pines throughout the livelong night
 Feed the bright flame, and spread the cheerful light.
 And doubts ungrateful man to plant the earth,
 And tend on Nature teeming into birth ?

Why on sublimer trees the lay prolong ?
 Willows and lowly broom demand the song ;
 Their leaves the cattle feed, the shepherd shade ;
 They load with sweets the bee, and fence the blade.
 Gay waves with box Cytorus' breezy head,
 Grateful the pines o'er dark Narycium spread.
 How sweet to rove 'mid Nature's boundless shade,
 Rich beyond art, and scorning human aid !

Unfruitful woods that crest Caucasian heights,
Woods whose shent brow th' unwearied whirlwind smites,
Give pines that spread the canvass o'er the main,
Cedar and cypress that the dome sustain,
Form the swift spokes, and orb the solid wheel,
And cut the stormy brine with crooked keel.
Wreaths for thy vines the pliant willow weaves,
Elms for thy flock diffuse their nurturing leaves ;
Thy spear a myrtle, dart a cornel grew ;
Bend for thy bow the Ityræan yew.
Smooth box and polish'd lime the lathe demand,
And shape their patient forms beneath thy hand ;
Light alders that o'erhung Pó's shadowy side-
Launch'd on her bosom down the torrent glide ;
Bees in the sheltering bark embosom'd dwell,
Or hide in hollow oaks their murmuring cell.
And shall with these the Bacchic gifts compare,
Source of mad discord and infuriate war ?
Bacchus the Centaur feast with slaughter crown'd,
And red with blood the goblet hurl'd around.

Ah ! happy swain ! ah ! race below'd of heaven !
If known thy bliss, how great the blessing given !
For thee just Earth from her prolific beds
Far from wild war spontaneous nurture sheds.
Though nor high domes through all their portals wide
Each morn disgorge the flatterer's refluent tide ;
Though nor thy gaze on gem-wrought columns rest,
The brazen bust, and gold-embroider'd vest ;

Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,
 Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil ;
 Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
 And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
 The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
 And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade ;
 Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,
 That pastur'd plains or savage woodlands yield :
 Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
 Repose and reverence tend declining age :
 There Gods yet dwell, and, as she fled mankind,
 There Justice left her last lone trace behind.

Me first, ye Muses ! at whose hallow'd fane
 Led by pure love I consecrate my strain,
 Me deign accept ! and to my search unfold
 Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd,
 Th' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,
 And changeful labours of the lunar ray ;
 Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the main
 Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again ;
 Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,
 Or what delay retards night's lingering shade.
 But if chill blood restrain th' ambitious flight,
 And Nature veil her wonders from my sight,
 Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
 By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy dell !
 Oh lov'd Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,
 That ring to virgin choirs in Bacchic rites !

Hide me some God, where Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend !

How blest the sage ! whose soul can pierce each cause
Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws :
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves
Fate, and stern death, and hell's resounding waves.
Blest too, who knows each God that guards the swain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.
Not the proud fasces, nor the pomp of kings,
Discord that bathes in kindred blood her wings ;
Not arming Istrians that on Dacia call,
Triumphant Rome, and kingdoms doom'd to fall,
Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenour of his calm career.
From fruitful orchards and spontaneous fields
He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,
Far from the tumult of the maddening bar,
And iron justice, and forensic war.

Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,
Some rush on death, or cringe around the throne ;
Stern warriors here beneath their footsteps tread
The realm that rear'd them, and the hearth that fed,
To quaff from gems, and lull to transient rest
The wound that bleeds beneath the Tyrian vest.
These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptur'd trance behold,
Or wonder when repeated plaudits raise
'Mid peopled theatres the shout of praise :

These with grim joy, by civil discord led,
And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,
From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,
And seek beneath new suns a foreign home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil ;
The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace.
Each change of seasons leads new plenty round ;
Now lambs, and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain ;
Or where with purple hues the upland glows,
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.
His swine return at winter's evening hours,
Gorg'd with the mast that every forest showers :
For him the arbuté reddens on the wood,
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood ;
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees
Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize ;
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
He too, at times, where flames the rustic shrine,
And, rang'd around, his gay compeers recline,
In grateful leisure on some festive day
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,
And hail thee, Bacchus ! o'er the circling bowl :

Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspend,
Where for the prize his hardy hinds contend,
Bare their huge bodies, and, untaught to yield,
To wrestling toils provoke the challeng'd field.

Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose ;
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose :
Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd,
Rome, whose seven hills her towery walls surround ;
Such, ere Dictæan Jove's new sceptre reign'd,
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet stain'd,
Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew,
Or started as the anvil rung afar,
When clattering hammers shap'd the sword of war.

But now, at length o'erpast the boundless plain,
Freed from the car the smoking steeds unrein.



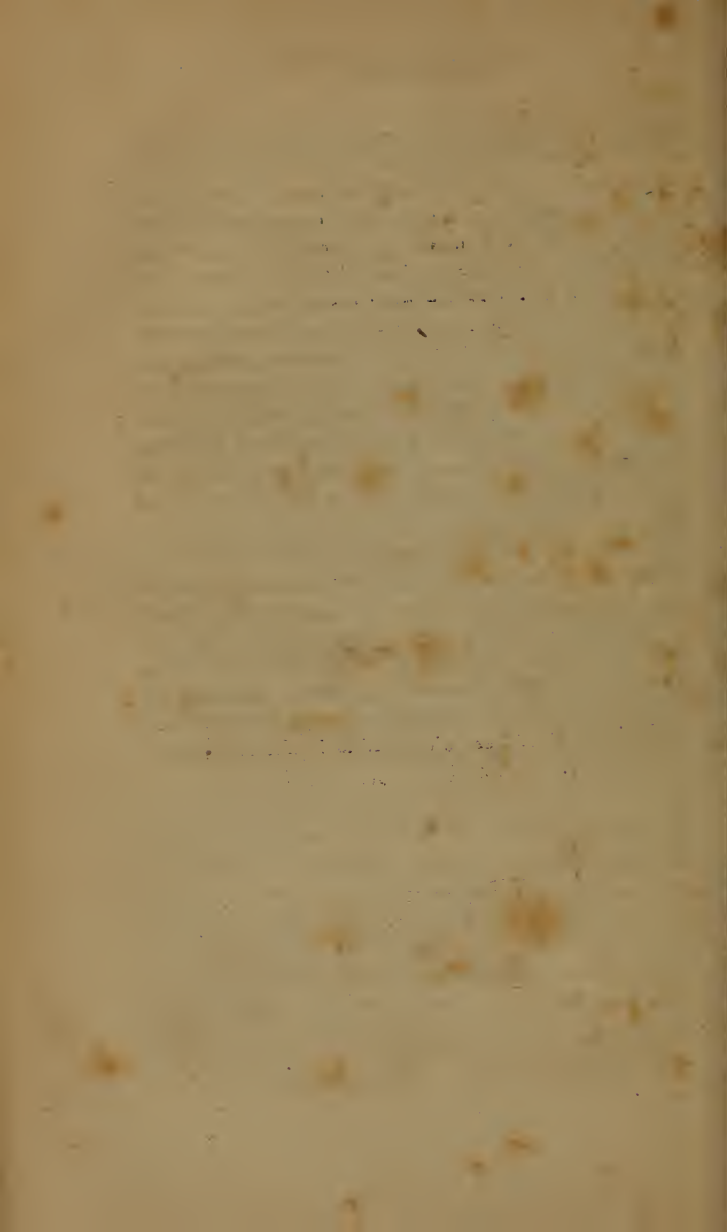
G E O R G I C S.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Virgil begins this Book, on the breeding of cattle, by announcing his intention of singing Pales, the Goddess of shepherds, and Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus on the banks of the Amphrysus—He observes that fabulous tales, the familiar themes of every poet, pall by repetition ; and that he shall endeavour to soar beyond the track of imitators, and bring new palms to his native Mantua, by celebrating actions founded on truth, the victories of the Romans, and the triumphal honours of Augustus—This intention he conveys under a sublime allegory of the apotheosis of Augustus, and of the games which he himself proposes to institute in honour of his divinity—In the mean while he obeys the command of Mæcenas, and continues his rural theme—The Poet now regularly enters on his subject, by enumerating the marks of a cow best qualified for a breeder—mentions, that the like care is necessary in the selection of a colt, to form the future stallion—points out his characteristics, and remarks on the importance of the vigour of his youth—thence, in an animated description of a chariot-race, he dwells on the ardour and spirit of the contending animals—This leads him to the mention of the inventor of chariots, and of those who first tamed the horse for the purposes of riding—He now delivers particular precepts concerning the different methods of preparing the male and female breeders—thence he mentions the necessity of peculiar care and tenderness in the treatment of the pregnant animals—From their treatment in that state he naturally proceeds to that of the young ; and, chiefly, in this place, of the calves—shows how they are to be gradually trained for draught and tillage—He then gives instructions relative to the rearing of colts, either for war or the course—This gives occasion to an important remark on the necessity of keeping the sexes apart,

till their strength is confirmed—The fatal effect of the neglect of this precept exemplified in bulls—their fight described—He now instances in other animals, and in the human species, the violence of this passion common to all—The subject of bulls and horses being concluded, he enters on that of sheep and goats—dwells on the peculiar care which they require in winter—on their excellence and utility—how they are to be managed in warm weather—This easily leads to a digression on the Libyan shepherds wandering with their flocks over boundless plains ; and to this description he contrasts that of the cattle and climate of Scythia—He now gives directions concerning wool and the choice of sheep, and chiefly of the rams—of the nourishment proper for sheep kept for milk—The care of sheep leads him to that of dogs, the defenders of the fold—Thence he proceeds to mention the injuries to which cattle are subject—snakes and serpents, and particularly dwells on one that haunts the Calabrian woods—He then notices the diseases of sheep and their remedies—and describes at large a plague which laid waste the regions about the Alps—its effects on calves, swine, horses, bulls—traces its progress through earth, sea, and air ; and concludes this highly-wrought detail with the miserable death of those who dared to handle the infected fleece or hide.



GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

THOU too, great Pales ! and the heavenly swain
That watch'd th' Amphrysian herd, demand the strain ;
And ye wild woods that hoar Lycæus shade,
And streams that feed Arcadia's verdant glade.
Trite themes, from age to age by poets sung,
Pall as their echoes float from tongue to tongue.
Who knows not stern Eurystheus, and thy fane,
Busiris ! died with blood of strangers slain ?
Latonian Delos, Hylas' youthful grace,
The promis'd bride that urg'd the Pisan race,
Pelops by ivory shoulder rais'd to fame,
And high equestrian skill that crown'd his name ?
I too will boldly strive my flight to raise,
And, wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise.

I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,

For thee, my native Mantua ! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the the green champaign,
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where with slow bend broad Mincio's waters stray,
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,
A present God, shall consecrate the shrine.
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.
All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field ;
Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.
I, I myself will round my temples twine
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine.
E'en now the solemn pomp I joy to lead,
E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,
Now view the turning scenes, and now behold
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.
There on the ivory gates with gold embost,
My skill shall sculpture the Gargarian host,
And o'er the foe, in radiant mail array'd,
Quirinus poising his victorious blade.
Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there
Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
Niphates here, there Asia's captive towers,
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy showers :
From different nations double trophies torn,
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.

There busts shall breathe, and Parian statues trace
 From sire to son Jove's long-descending race :
 Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,
 And Cynthus architect of Troy divine.
 Envy shall there th' avenging Furies dread,
 The Stygian lake with flaming sulphur fed,
 The racking wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,
 And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.

Meanwhile, Mæcenus ! by thy Genius fir'd,
 I dare the arduous task by thee inspir'd ;
 Through woods and lawns untrodden urge my way,
 While murmuring Dryads chide the long delay.
 Oh come ! Cithæron shouts her mountains o'er,
 Rous'd by Taygetian hounds deep echoes roar,
 The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus bound,
 Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
 Erelong, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,
 Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,
 His glowing battles consecrate to fame,
 And spread from age to age the Julian name.

Does Fame for Pisa's palm the courser rear,
 Or Labour yoke for wealth the vigorous steer,
 With prescient care the destin'd mother trace,
 And form'd like her expect the promis'd race.
 If curling horns their crescent backward bend,
 And bristly hairs beneath, the ear defend,
 If on her knee the pendulous dew-lap float,
 Large front, and brawny neck vast strength denote :

If length'ning flanks to boundless measure spread,
 Fierce her rough look, and bold her bull-like head,
 If snowy spots her mottled body stain,
 And her indignant brow the yoke disdain,
 With tail wide sweeping, as she stalks, the dews ;
 Thus, lofty, large, and long, the mother choose.

Crown the fourth year with hymeneal flowers :
 Age, ere the tenth, laments its languid powers.
 Inglorious cares the dregs of life infest,
 Unfit for labour, and by love unblest.
 In youth's full force, by glowing pleasure led,
 Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed ;
 There let him leave, ere yet to death resign'd,
 Some bold memorial of his strength behind.
 Swift fades our joyful prime : 'tis fled away ;
 Close on its wings, pant sickness, sore decay,
 Relentless pains that lingering life consume,
 And age, that calls on death to close the tomb.
 Haste, as thy herds thus sicken, droop, and die,
 Still with new tides the stream of life supply,
 Prevent their loss, a race successive rear,
 Nor mourn with vain regret time's fleet career.

Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,
 And from his birth prepare the parent steed.
 As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace,
 And balances his limbs with flexile grace :
 First leads the way, the threatening torrent braves,
 And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.

Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread :
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war :
Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair :
Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground.
Such ardent Cyllarus, whose rage restrain'd
Foam'd on the bit by Spartan Pollux rein'd :
Such the fam'd steeds that whirl'd Pelides' car,
And o'er the battle wing'd the God of war :
And such the shape, that erst the God disguis'd,
When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surpris'd :
Loose in the gale his mane luxuriant play'd,
And Pelion echoed as the courser neigh'd.
But when with age, or long disease opprest,
Hide him at home in not inglorious rest :
Release the veteran, from the toil remove,
Nor urge reluctant to laborious love ;
Vain rage, that flashes with delusive fires,
And, like the stubble, blazes and expires
Then, chief, their years, and dauntless spirit trace,
What breed ennobles, and what honours grace,

If victory's glorious prize their speed inflame,
Or how, when conquer'd sinks their crest with shame.

Swift at the signal, lo! the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground.
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins they lash th' extended steed,
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.
Now, low they vanish from the aching eye,
Now soar in air, and seem to gain the sky.
Where'er they rush along the hidden ground,
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around.
Each presses each : in clouds from all behind,
Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore
Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.
Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires,
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.

Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yok'd,
And urg'd the chariot as the axle smok'd.
The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide
The mounted steeds, and rein their temper'd pride,
Taught under arms to prance, and wheel around,
Press their proud steps, and paw th' insulted ground.
Alike their labours, and alike they claim
Youth's boundless force and unabated flame.
Ah! vain in age that Argos' vaunted breed
Bore for triumphant palms th' exulting steed,

That oft he chas'd the foe, or claim'd his birth
From Neptune's race, that burst the womb of earth.

The choice once fixt, each pleasing care employ,
And rear the pamper'd sire for bridal joy.

Cut for his food fresh grass that tufts the mead,
Swell with rich grain, to gushing fountains lead,
Lest the sweet toil his languid limbs o'erpower,
And a weak race betray th' ungenial hour.

But when connubial joys new passion fire,
By famine tame the bride's intense desire.
From pampering food and gushing fount restrain,
Tire in the sun, and press along the plain,
When groans the barn beneath the dusty flail,
And the wing'd chaff light flies before the gale :
Then hymeneal Gods the rites approve,
And crown with blest increase the joys of love.

Now, to the mother turn each tender care,
Ah ! sooth her weakness, and the birth prepare.
Yoke not her neck by lightest toil subdu'd,
Nor give to rove the wild for scanty food,
To leap o'er rugged ways, or rashly breast
The flood that presses on her panting chest.
'Mid silent lawns and lonely pastures feed,
Where moss and grass luxuriant clothe the mead,
Full rivers lave the margin of the glade,
And sheltering caves and cooling rocks o'ershade.

Through Silarus' groves, or where dark ilex sheds
The grateful gloom that o'er Alburnus spreads,

The gad-fly sounds th' alarm ; beneath her wing
The breeze shrill whizzes, and the forests ring :
Wild from their woods whole herds infuriate bound,
Air bellows, and Tanagria's rocks resound.
Such was the monster that horn'd Io drove,
And, wing'd from hell, aveng'd the wife of Jove.
Oh hide your pregnant herd, nor give to stray
What time the fury winds her noontide way ;
But feed when first the sun-beam gilds the plain,
Or Hesper leads along his starry train.

The birth now o'er, thy calves new cares create :
Mark with hot brand their race and destin'd fate.
Religion, these shall doom to grace her shrine ;
These, taming labour to the yoke incline ;
These, Hymen rear to renovate the breed ;
The rest, at pleasure, graze the verdant mead.
If labour claim, from tender childhood train
To bear the burthen, and the yoke sustain.
First with loose wreath of pliant osier deck,
And circle, as in sport, their playful neck.
But when the steers, thus tam'd beneath thy sway,
Yield their free strength, and willingly obey,
Each well-match'd pair in withy collars place,
And balance, step by step, their equal pace :
Oft let them draw, unforc'd, the empty wain,
And lightly press the level of the plain ;
Then, yok'd to brazen poles, their vigour goad,
While beechen axles groan beneath the load.

Not with fresh grass alone, or marshy weed,
Or willow leaves, the race unbroken feed ;
Still with their growth their rising strength sustain,
And strew with lavish hand the golden grain.
Nor thou, as once our ruder sires of old,
In flowing pails their plunder'd milk withhold,
Dare not kind Nature's liberal source restrain,
But let their lips at will the mother drain.

But if Bellona claim impetuous steeds,
And press to victory where the battle bleeds,
Or Fame, where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,
Urge the wing'd car amid th' Olympian grove ;
Flash on his infant eye the blazing shield,
Pour on his ear the thunder of the field,
Sound the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,
And rattle o'er his stall the reins of war ;
Teach him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,
And arch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.
Wean'd from his dam, yet weak in youthful year
Thus train'd to martial sounds the courser rear ;
Sooth with soft reins, nor dare his lip to wound
Till summer rolls her fourth-revolving round.
Then wheel in graceful orbs his pac'd career,
Let step by step in cadence strike the ear,
His flexile limbs in curves alternate prance,
And seem to labour as they slow advance :
Then give, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,
Challenge the winds, and wing th' unprinted plain.

Thus Boreas, rushing fierce from Scythia's coast,
 Bears on his wings dark Winter's gather'd host :
 The undulating fields and billowy grain
 Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain ;
 The high woods roar, long surges swell the deep,
 While his fleet wings at once the earth and ocean sweep.

Round Elis' course, thus rear'd, the victor steed
 Shall foam with blood, and triumph in his speed,
 Or, fearless rushing 'mid the ranks of war,
 O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.
 Now, train'd to will, and pliant to command,
 Let generous grain his growing strength expand :
 The pamper'd steed, ere tam'd, each blow disdains,
 Scorns the harsh curb, and grinds the galling reins.

But, to confirm their force, in youth remove
 Thy steeds, and bullocks from destructive love.
 Banish the bull in distant dells unseen,
 Where rivers spread their torrent tide between,
 Where intervening rocks prone cliffs oppose,
 Or lonely stalls his sullen strength enclose.
 He views the bride, each look new passion fires,
 Slow wastes his strength, and melts with vain desires.
 When noontide flames, forgetful of the shade,
 His restless footsteps bruise th' untasted blade ;
 And oft her wanton look and wily charm
 The rival challengers to battle arm.
 The beauteous heifer indolently roves,
 And feeds at leisure 'mid luxuriant groves :

Onward they rush, and from alternate blows
Dark blood through gushing wounds the earth o'erflows.
Front clash'd on front their battering horns rebound,
Olympus bellows, and the woods resound.
The combat o'er, insatiate rage remains,
The vanquish'd exile roams o'er distant plains ;
Mourns o'er his shame, and each ignoble scar,
That marks th'insulting victor's might in war.
And much he mourns, sad wanderer, forc'd to rove,
In battle unaveng'd, and lost to love,
And leave, oft turning ere he quits the plain,
The native honours of his proud domain.
Hence by long toils collecting all his might
He diciplines his strength to wage the fight :
Wears through each sleepless night his rocky bed,
And strays all day on prickly rushes fed :
Now tries, contending 'gainst th'invaded oak,
His iron horns, and batters stroke by stroke ;
Butts at the wind, and with impatient hoof,
Prelude of battle, whirls the earth aloof ;
Then, gathering all his vigour, seeks his foe,
Drives unexpected on, and levels at a blow.
Thus faintly seen along the distant deep,
Gleams the white wave, and heaves its surgy sweep,
Swells as it rolls, 'mid bellowing caverns roars,
And bursts a mountain on the delug'd shores :
Vex'd ocean boils, and, high in columns driven,
Whirls the dark sand, and clouds the face of heaven.

Thus all that wings the air and cleaves the flood,
Herds that or graze the plain or haunt the wood,
Rush to like flames, when kindred passions move,
And man and brute obey the power of love.
The headlong lioness by frenzy stung,
Then fiercer roams, regardless of her young :
Then hideous bears with slaughter strow the wood ;
Then the grim tigress rages, gorg'd with blood ;
And where 'mid Libyan sands the wanderers stray,
Woe ! to the traveller on his lonely way.
Lo! where the steeds, all wild with joy, inhale
The well-known scent, and quiver in the gale ;
Them nor fierce blows, rude bit, or galling rein,
Nor interposing crags or cliffs restrain,
Nor floods that wear the rock's o'erhanging sides,
And whirl the mountains down their torrent tides.
Prone darts the boar from deep Sabellian shades,
Whets his fierce tusks, the batter'd earth invades,
Wears the gnarl'd oak, and rubbing to and fro,
Steels his tough shoulders, and invites the blow.

What dares not ardent youth, when love inspires,
Boils in his blood, and pours unsated fires ?
Lonely at midnight, when the tempest raves,
Fearless he flings his bosom to the waves :
Above dire thunder rolls, seas boil below,
Round his pale head portentous lightnings glow ;
Nor heaven, nor seas, nor roaring winds appal,
Nor billows breaking on the rocks recall,

Nor his deserted parents' boding cry,
Nor on his corse the virgin doom'd to die.

Why should I sing how furious dogs engage,
Wars that fierce wolves and spotted lynxes wage,
Or how, each native fear by love subdu'd,
Stags clash their antler'd brows, and bathe in blood ?
But chief unbounded rage the mare inspires,
Venus herself there centres all her fires ;
Such, as erst rag'd, when Potnian coursers tore
Sad Glaucus' limbs, and died their jaws in gore.
Love o'er Gargarian heights, Ascanian waves,
Climbs the steep mountain, and the torrent braves ;
In spring-tide most, when kindling Nature reigns,
And warmth reviving throbs in fuller veins.
Lo ! on the mountain brow the mares inhale
With fiery lip soft Zephyr's amorous gale ;
And oft, unwedded, pregnant with the wind,
Scour o'er the cliffs, and leave the vales behind :
Not where bright Eurus blows, they shape their flight,
Not where the sun first pours the golden light,
But where keen Boreas dwells, or Auster shrouds
Heaven's gloomy cope, and chills with weeping clouds ;
There, while the genial warmth their bosom fills,
The sovereign philter, drop by drop, distils,
That, mixt with herbs, and crown'd with baleful spell,
Pluck'd by vile stepdames, drugs the bowl of hell.

But time irreparable flies away,
While in the maze of love we fondly stray.

Cease we of herds—new themes new cares require ;
 Rough goats and fleecy flocks the song inspire :
 Rough goats and flocks, ye swains, due notice claim ;
 Here fix your labours, here aspire to fame.

I, conscious of the toil, will strive to raise
 The lowly theme, and grace with labour'd lays :
 Tranc'd by sweet love, o'er unfrequented heights,
 Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites,
 I pierce the wild by mortal foot untrod,
 And lonely commune with th' Aonian God.

Now, venerable Pales ! raise the song :
 Goddess ! to thee the pastoral lays belong.
 First I ordain the fodder'd sheep to feed
 In sheltering cotes till summer shades the mead ;
 Oft o'er the rugged earth fresh stubble spread,
 And litter frequent fern beneath their tread,
 Lest piercing ice the tender cattle wound,
 Cramp their chill limbs, and spread contagion round.
 Next to the goats I turn : the arbuté bring,
 And draw fresh water from the fountain spring,
 And, fenc'd from bitter blasts, their stalls oppose
 Where full the noon-tide sun in winter glows,
 When cold Aquarius, as he quits the sphere,
 Turns his prone urn, and floods the parting year.

Swains ! tend the lowly goat : though scorn'd of fame,
 Their useful breed no slight protection claim.
 Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
 And weigh with gold her robes in purple dy'd,

Thou tell thy goats, what countless swarms abound !
Lo ! milk in gushing tides o'erflows the ground !
The more th' insatiate pails new loads demand,
New floods exhaustless froth beneath thy hand.
Cloth'd in their shaven beards and hoary hair,
Fence of the ocean spray, and nightly air,
'The miserable seaman breasts the main,
And camps uninjur'd press the marshy plain.
By day, unwatch'd, they crop their distant food,
Thorns of the rock, and brakes that shag the wood,
Mindful at night return without a guide,
And lead their kids that bound on either side,
While their swollen dugs, distended with their store,
Scarce pass the threshold of thy shelt'ring door.
'The less their wants, the more each want supply,
Nor with harsh scorn their little claims deny !
Oh ! shield them from the ice and drifting snows,
Beneath thy roof their tender limbs repose,
Scatter their sylvan food, nor day by day
Refuse, all winter long, their dole of hay.
When Spring invites, and Zephyr fans the mead,
Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,
While the bright star, fair harbinger of day,
Gems the gray rime that silvers o'er their way.
Fresh the fair prime, and sweet at vernal dawn
To sip the dew-drops that impearl the lawn.
But when the sun's bright beams fierce radiance fling,
And the loud woods with shrill cicadas ring,

Haste, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,
Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.

When noon-tide flames, down cool sequester'd glades
Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades,
Or where the gloom of many an ilex throws
The sacred darkness that invites repose.

When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,
Rills and refreshing meads delight again ;
Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale,
Cool dewy moon-beams gleam along the vale,
Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,
And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.

Why should my verse recount the Libyan swains,
And huts thin strown along the wide champaigns ?
Morn after morn, and night succeeding night,
Through all the changes of the lunar light,
Where-e'er their flocks 'mid houseless deserts stray,
And wander o'er th' illimitable way,
The Libyan shepherds bear, as on they roam,
Their arms, their dog, their bow, their God, their home.
Not otherwise, in arms, untaught to yield,
Rome's burden'd soldiers seek the iron field,
And fix, ere fame's swift voice prevents their way,
'Mid unsuspecting hosts their war array.

But where Mæotis Scythia's waste divides,
And turbid Ister rolls his yellow tides,
And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed ;

There stalls enclose the herds that never stray,
No grass the field, no leaves the wood array,
But earth lies hid by ridgy drifts opprest,
And snow, seven ells in height, deforms her breast.
There blasts that freeze, and winter, ever dwell;
Mist and eternal fog the sun repel ;
Whether his fiery steeds high heaven ascend,
Or westering to the wave, his chariot bend.
Prone floods suspended in mid course congeal,
Fix'd ocean rattles to the iron wheel,
Where tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,
O'er the smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain ;
Brass snaps in sunder, and th' infolding vest
Hardens like mail, and stiffens on the breast.
There crystal chains at once whole pools confine,
And hatchets cleave the congelated wine ;
Breath palpable to touch at once descends,
And rigid ice from matted beards depends.
Meanwhile o'er all the air snows press on snows,
And the large limbs of stateliest bulls enclose ;
Numb'd with new weight, and press'd in droves, the deer
Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear ;
Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake,
Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake ;
But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,
They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,
Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,
Shout to their groans, and bear the spoil away.

There, while delv'd caves their shelter'd limbs enclose,
 The hords in careless indolence repose,
 O'er fires undying oaks gigantic raise,
 And scorn the distant sun's forgotten blaze,
 Mock with harsh fruit the grape's nectareous bowls,
 While half the year one long carousal rolls.
 Beneath the polar sky's keen fury cast,
 Cut by the snow and rude Riphæan blast,
 Shagg'd with the yellow skins that crown'd their chase,
 Thus live the wild barbarians' lawless race.

Is wool thy care? from thorns the flock restrain,
 The wood too rough, and too luxuriant plain;
 Soft let the fleece in silver tresses flow,
 And fair the sire as flakes of falling snow:
 But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain,
 Drive the lone exile from thy spotless train,
 Lest the dim blemish that the sire defil'd
 Infect the fleece, and taint the motley child.
 Thus once, if rightly bards the song attune,
 Pan wav'd the snowy wool that lur'd the Moon;
 Nor when the wanton woo'd thee to the grove,
 Didst thou, fair Cynthia! scorn the bribe of love.

Is milk thy care? the frequent lotus fling,
 And fragrant cytissus that breathes of spring;
 Salt the full crib; the flock, with salt supplied,
 Shall slightly temper the nectareous tide,
 With keener thirst seek rills that never fail,
 And load with ceaseless streams th' o'erflowing pail.

Some from their dams the suckling kids restrain,
And round their lips the iron muzzle chain.
Milk, that the dawn and daily hours afford,
Crowns, press'd at night, the shepherd's frugal board :
Each morn, from nightly milk fresh cheeses made,
Borne to near towns supply their bartering trade ;
Or plac'd apart, and slightly salted o'er,
For wintry feasts provide a plenteous store.

Nor slight thy dogs, on whey the mastiffs feed,
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed ;
Beneath their sleepless eye repose in peace,
No wolf, the shepherd gone, shall thin thy fleece,
No thief by night invade thy lonely home,
Nor round thy haunts the wild Iberian roam.
Go, the fleet hare and flying hind pursue,
Rous'd from deep fens the bristly boar subdue,
Urge the tall stag along th' aerial height,
And, shouting, press within thy toils his flight.

With cedar scent the fumigated walls,
And search with galbanum th' infected stalls.
Hid by huge cribs, unseen of every eye,
There, death to touch, insidious vipers lie ;
There lurk, familiar to the household shed,
Snakes that on herds and flocks swift poison spread.
Haste, haste ! with ponderous stones and clubs of oak
Crush his fierce crest uprising to the stroke,
Now while he threats, and hissing to the fight
Swells his vast neck, and towers his balanc'd height.

Lo ! where the pest, in sudden terror fled,
While earth has clos'd on his inglorious head,
Slacks his mid folds, and, length'ning all his spires,
With gradual trail the last loose coil retires.

Beneath the covert of Calabria's shade
A baleful serpent haunts the woodland glade,
High rolls his scaly back, and many a stain
Spots his long paunch that trails along the plain :
While rivers foam with overflowing springs,
And Auster floods the earth with wat'ry wings,
He wastes the pools, and, with insatiate jaw,
Swells with gorg'd frogs and fish his famish'd maw :
But when the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,
Wild with fierce thirst he leaps upon the land,
Lashes the earth beneath his iron fold,
And glares with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.
Oh ! Heaven avert, that e'er in slumber laid
I stretch my limbs along the leafy glade,
When, cast his slough, and scorn'd his famish'd young,
Radiant in prime of life he rolls along,
Or towering to the sun, erect in ire,
Vibrates his triple tongue that streams with fire.

Now shall experience to th' attentive swain
The cause and sign of each disease explain.
Contagion taints the flock, when icy rains
Cut to the quick, and pierce their inmost veins,
Or hoary frost their bodies bristles round,
Or thorns with festering anguish inly wound,

Or sweat, unwash'd, adhesive crusts all o'er
The new-shorn skin, and cakes th' obstructed pore.
Hence oft the swain his bleating cattle laves,
Plung'd o'er and o'er beneath salubrious waves,
Hurls the bold ram amid the eddying tide,
And down the current floats his fleecy pride.
And oft he smears the flock with lees of oil,
Scum that o'erflows when silver bubbles boil,
Mixt with dark pitch from Ida's piny wood,
Asphaltus floating on the slimy flood,
Strong hellebore, live sulphur, sea-born squills,
And molten wax, that drop by drop distils.
More blest his skill, who dares with knife profound
Search the deep sore, and bare the hidden wound ;
He hourly kills, whose lingering pity spares,
And wearies heaven with unavailing prayers ;
Death mines unseen, while sunk in slow decay,
And, inly wasting, Nature wears away.
When torture strikes the bones, and feverish fires
Scorch, as in pangs the bleating wretch expires,
Lance, where beneath the foot wild pulses beat
The throbbing vein, and cool th' internal heat ;
Hereditary art, from sire to son,
By fierce Bisaltæ and Geloni known,
When the wild hords o'er Thracia's waste pursu'd,
Drink, mixt with curdled milk, their horses' blood.
Soon as thou view'st a sheep that haunts the shade,
Or crops with lazy tongue the topmost blade,

Or stretch'd at length with listless leisure feeds,
And late and lonely quits at night the meads,
Slay with swift knife, th' invading plague restrain,
Ere wing'd contagion wastes th' unwary train.
Less frequent tempests surge th' infuriate deep,
Than pest on pest invades the ravag'd sheep :
Fate strikes not here and there some lonely head,
But rides the tainted blast, and all are dead.
Cast o'er Timavus' meads thy mournful sight,
O'er Alps, and forts that crown the Noric height,
How wide the waste ! where flocks and shepherds spread,
The cot unpeopled, and the lawn unfed.
There baleful Pestilence o'er æther cast
Her spotted wings, and fir'd th' autumnal blast,
Smote all that graz'd the field or rang'd the wood,
Scorch'd every plain, and poison'd every flood.
Dire was the death ; for when th' internal flame
Had shrunk the veins, and parch'd the shrivell'd frame,
Infected moisture flow'd, and day by day
Sap'd the soft bones, that piece-meal ooz'd away.
Oft, while the snowy fillet wreath'd his head,
The votive bull, before the altar led,
Ere yet the knife descending smote his brow
'Mid lingering Flamens dropt without a blow.
Or if the victim sunk beneath the wound,
No altars blaz'd with hallow'd entrails crown'd.
Vainly to sullen Gods the Priest complains,
And speechless Augurs weep 'mid silent fanes :

The blood scarce reddens, while the wound yet reeks,
And putrid gore the sand's light surface streaks.
Calves 'mid rich fields and flowery pastures fall,
Loath the full crib, and perish in the stall ;
Convulsions shake the swine's obstructed breath,
And the fond dog, infuriate, foams in death.
Forgetful of his fame, the victor steed
Leaves the translucent rill and flowery mead :
Loose flap his ears, his hoof oft beats the ground,
His wasted limbs in fitful sweats are drown'd ;
Sweats that, as dying pangs the victim seize,
Chill every pore, and life's slow current freeze.
On his dry skin the hairs in bristles stand,
Rise to the touch, and roughen on the hand.
Such the first signs : but as the pest drew near,
More horrid symptoms mark'd his dire career ;
The eye-ball glares, deep breath with hollow tone
Heaves the long flanks, and bursts with frequent groan.
'The tongue furr'd o'er th' obstructed palate fills,
And from the nostrils sable blood distils.
Wine, pour'd thro' horns, that seem'd to sooth the pest,
But lull'd awhile to transitory rest.
Soon, rous'd to vengeance, with recruited ire,
The monster rag'd, and wing'd th' internal fire,
While with bare teeth the courser madly tore
His limbs in death, and bath'd his jaws in gore.
At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke :

He groans his last :—the melancholy swain
 Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
 And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
 Beholds with fond regret a brother die.
 Him, nor repose can sooth in forest shades,
 Nor dewy pasture 'mid luxuriant glades,
 Nor streams that, roll'd o'er rocks, through grassy plains
 More pure than amber wind their crystal trains.
 His glaz'd eye droops, each flaccid flank extends,
 And prone to earth his ponderous neck descends.
 Ah ! what avails his unremitted toil
 And patient strength that tam'd th' unwilling soil ?
 Yet his pure lip from feasts of blood refrain'd ;
 Yet no crush'd grape his draught with poison stain'd ;
 The leaf, the herb, the grass his simple food,
 His drink the lucid fount and living flood :
 No care corroded, nor disturbing woes
 Broke the deep stillness of his calm repose.

That time no consecrated bulls were found
 To lead at Juno's feast the pomp around,
 But buffaloes ill-pair'd, unequal strain'd,
 While lowering Heaven th' imperfect rites disdain'd.
 The o'erwearied hind slow rak'd th' unfurrow'd plain,
 And buried with his nails the golden grain :
 Man yok'd with man, along the rocky road
 Dragg'd the shrill wain, and strain'd beneath the load.

The famish'd wolf by fiercer pangs subdu'd,
 Nor heeds the fold, nor prowls for nightly food ;

The timorous does 'mid hounds securely rest,
And the stag haunts the roof, a willing guest.
Cast on the strand infected shoals on shoals
Like shipwreck'd corpses ocean slowly rolls :
Unwonted Phocæ fly their native tide,
And 'mid strange rivers strive their fears to hide.
Fenc'd in their caves in vain the vipers lie,
Astonish'd hydras rear their scales, and die :
And birds that press their flight before the wind
Fall in mid air, and leave their lives behind.
No change of place or pasture respite gave,
And baleful every art once known to save.
Fam'd sires of med'cine, Chiron long renown'd,
And wise Melampus, fly the fatal ground.
'Tisiphone, from Stygian darkness driven,
Raves in mid air, and blasts the works of heaven ;
Before her drives Disease and wild Affright,
Lifts day by day her head, and towers to boundless height.
From bleating flocks a mournful murmur fills
The streams, and withering banks and tainted hills.
Now herds on herds in death confus dly fall,
And swell the putrid mass from stall to stall,
Ere use had taught to hide beneath the ground
The buried corse, or plunge in pits profound.
Through fire, through flood, contagion inly cleaves,
No shepherd sheers the fleece, nō virgin weaves :
But the bold wretch, who vengeful heaven defied,
And rashly handled the infected hide,

Wasted away, with boils empurpled o'er,
And bath'd in sweat that poison'd every pore ;
Till, through each limb diffus'd, th' accursed flame
Erelong consum'd the pestilential frame.

BY R. H. W. J. S. C. C.

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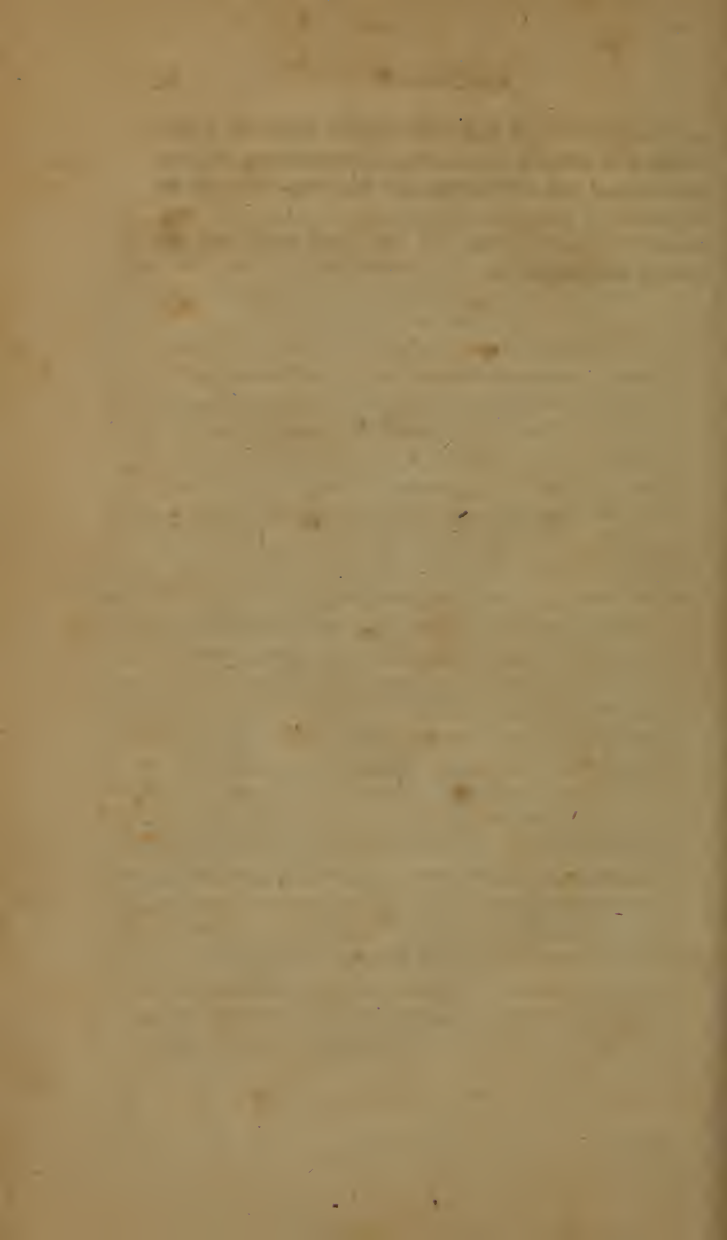
GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Virgil opens his Fourth Book, on the Management of Bees, by a brief notice of its subject—He then claims the attention of Mæcenas to a theme, in itself seemingly trivial, by announcing his design of enlarging on the wonderful actions, instincts, offices, and battles of the bees—He begins by pointing out a proper station for the hive, and enumerates what may be hurtful and what advantageous in different situations—He then treats of the structure of the hive—of the swarming of the bees—of their preparations for war—of their encounter—of the external marks which distinguish the different species—of the means of preventing them from deserting their station, and of alluring them to their accustomed haunts—As for this latter purpose he had recommended the culture of their favourite plants and flowers, he naturally digresses to the subject of the cultivation of gardens in general, and to the skill and industry of the old Corycian planter—He now expatiates on the economy and polity of the bees, and enumerates their various distinctive offices conducive to the public weal—Thence he mentions the renewal of their race, and their obedience to their kings—He then remarks, that from various instances of the sagacity of these insects, some have supposed them to be endowed with a portion of the Divine mind—and this induces a brief and beautiful account of the Platonic system—He next mentions the proper seasons for taking the honey—then the manner of treating the hives in which the honey has been left for the support of the bees in winter—then their diseases and remedies, and how their total loss may be repaired by new swarms generated from the putrid carcasses of bullocks—This introduces the fable of Aristæus,

to whom that secret had been divinely imparted ; and in this fable he skilfully interweaves, in inimitable poetry, the mythological tale of Orpheus and Eurydice—and thus he completes the Georgics, with the mention of his own name, as author of the poem, and with information of the time and place of its composition.



GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

NOW while th' aerial honey's nectar dew,
Gift of a God, once more, invite the Muse.
Mæcenas! yet again, with fond regard
Crown the long labours of thy votive bard.
Worthy of wonder, here at large I trace
Th' unfolded genius of the insect race,
Their chiefs illustrious, and th' embattled field,
Manners and arts that peaceful studies yield.
The lowly theme shall claim no vulgar praise,
If Phœbus deign to hear th' invoking lays.

First, seek a station where no ruthless gale
Dares the still hive and shelter'd bees assail :
Lest, as they homeward droop, o'erdone with toil,
Inclement blasts their loaded flight despoil ;
Far from the sheep that wasted earth devour,
The wanton kids that bound from flower to flower,

Heifers whose roving steps the meadow bruise,
And dash from springing herbs nectareous dews.
There let no lizard arm'd with burnish'd scale,
Merops or bird of prey their walls assail,
Nor Procne haunt, whose conscious plumes attest
The blood-stain'd hand imprinted on her breast.
These widely waste, and, seiz'd upon the wing,
To feed their nests the bee in triumph bring.
But there let pools invite with moss array'd,
Clear fount and rill that purls along the glade,
Palms o'er their porch a grateful gloom extend,
And the wild olive's sheltering boughs defend.
There when new kings the swarms at springtide lead,
And bursting myriads gladden all the mead,
Dim banks at noon may lure to cool repose,
And trees with hospitable arms enclose.
If sleep the stagnant pools, or currents flow,
Huge stones and willows 'mid the water throw ;
That if a breeze across their passage sweep,
And headlong drive the loiterer to the deep,
On many a bridge the bee may safely stand,
And his wet plumes to summer suns expand.
There all her sweets let savoury exhale,
Thyme breathe her soul of fragrance on the gale,
In dulcet streams her roots green cassia lave,
And beds of violets drink at will the wave.
Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,
Or flexile twigs enclose the settled swarm,

With narrow entrance guard the shelter'd cell,
And summer suns and wintry blasts repel.
Dire each extreme : or winter cakes with cold,
Or summer melts the comb to fluid gold.
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flowers and fucus close each pervious pore,
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.
Stor'd for this use they hive the clammy dew,
And load their garners with tenacious glue,
As birdlime thick, or pitch that slow distils
In loitering drops on Ida's pine-crown'd hills.
And oft ('tis said) they delve beneath the earth,
And nurse in gloomy caves their hidden birth,
Amid the crumbling stone's dark concave dwell,
Or hang in hollow trees their airy cell.
Thou aid their toil ! with mud their walls o'erlay,
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.
There let no yew its baleful shadow cast,
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast ;
Far from theri roof deep fens that poison breathe,
Thick fogs that float from beds of mud beneath,
Caves from whose depth redoubled echoes rise,
And rock to rock in circling shout replies.

Now when the sun beneath the realms of night
Dark winter drives, and robes the heavens with light,
The bees o'er hill and dale, from flower to flower,
In grove and lawn the purple spring devour,

Sip on the wing, and lightly brushing lave
Their airy plumage in th' undimpled wave.
Hence with unusual joy in fondling mood
Cling to their nests, and rear their cherish'd brood,
With wondrous art their waxen toil renew,
And thicken, as they hive, the honied dew.
Lo ! from their cells when swarms through æther stream,
And float at noon along the liquid beam,
And on the breeze that rings beneath their flight
Draw out in darkling clouds their airy height,
Observe them as they wind aloft their way,
Where groves o'ershade, and crystal fountains play :
There strow each rifled herb that breathes of spring,
There the bruis'd baum and honey-suckle fling ;
And tinklings raise, while echo rings around,
And Cybele's tost cymbals shrilly sound.
Soon shall they haunt the medicated seat,
And to their inmost cells unseen retreat.

But if impending feuds the hive alarm,
When doubtful kings the frantic nation arm,
Tumultuous crowds the dread event prepare,
And palpitating hearts that beat to war ;
Deep brazen peals the lingering crowds excite,
And harsh the voice like trumpets hoarse in fight.
Onward they troop, and, brandishing their wings,
Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd stings ;
Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,
Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound.

At length when spring expands th' unclouded day,
 Through opening portals bursts their wing'd array ;
 Fierce clash the clustering orbs, air rings around,
 Prone from the conflict myriads strow the ground,
 Thick as tempestuous hail from summer showers,
 Or streaming acorns dash'd from oaken bowers.
 Amid the press of war, th' encountering kings,
 Mark'd by the pomp and spreading of their wings,
 While boundless souls their little bosoms swell,
 To deeds of glory either host impel ;
 Fiercely they fight, unknowing how to yield,
 Till force resistless drive them from the field.
 Yet at thy will these dreadful conflicts cease,
 Throw but a little dust, and all is peace.

But when the leaders at thy voice recede,
 Slay the weak rebel ! bid th' usurper bleed !
 Slay, ere he waste the hive. Defend the throne,
 And let the rightful monarch reign alone.
 Doubt you the sov'reign ? lo ! his golden mail,
 His stately port, and brightly burnish'd scale ;
 The vile usurper 'mid a kindred throng
 Scarce trails his loathsome breadth of paunch along.

Such as their kings, the two-fold nation view,
 These base, of aspect rough, and squalid hue,
 Like the tir'd wretch in summer's sultry day
 That spits with fiery lip the dust away :
 These gaily shine, all-glorious to behold,
 Spangled with equal spots, and dropt with gold.

Be these thy care : for thee their grateful toil
Pours at due times the tributary spoil,
Drains the pure comb, whose liquid sweets refine
The grape austere, and tame the temper'd wine.

If wavering swarms in æther wildly roam,
Scorn their cold cells, and quit th' unfinish'd comb,
Check their vain sport, to peace the state restore,
Pluck off their monarch's wings, the flight is o'er ;
No rebel dares beyond the limits stray,
Or pluck the standard from his tent away.
Let gardens, breathing sweets, the bee invite
To fix on saffron beds his bounded flight ;
Priapus there with willow sickle drive
The birds and plunderers from th' entrusted hive ;
There bring the pine from rocky cliffs sublime,
There plant with toil-worn hand the mountain thyme,
Fruits, odoriferous shrubs, and fragrant flowers,
And freshen, as they bloom, with frequent showers.

Ah fav'rite scenes ! but now with gather'd sail
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale ;
Else had my song your charms at leisure trac'd,
And all the garden's varied arts embrac'd ;
Sung, twice each year, how Pæstan roses blow,
How endive drinks the rill that purls below,
How trailing gourds pursue their mazy way,
Swell as they creep, and widen into day ;
How verdant celery decks its humid bed,
How late-blown flowrets round narcissus spread ;

The lithe acanthus and the ivy hoar,
And myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore.

Yes, I remember where Galæsus leads
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,
Where proud Ebalia's towers o'erlook the plain,
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain ;
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,
Where never laboring yoke subsistence gain'd,
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus dar'd to trust th' ungrateful mead.
He there with scanty herbs the bushes crown'd,
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies round ;
Nor envied kings, when late, at twilight close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stor'd,
Th' unpurchas'd feasts that pil'd his varied board.
At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose ;
And e'en when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd th' o'erhanging torrent as it roll'd,
His blooming hyacinths, ne'er known to fail,
Shed sweets unborrowed of the vernal gale,
As 'mid their rifled beds he wound his way,
Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay.
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,
And press'd from richest combs the golden wave :
Limes round his haunts diffus'd a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd ;

And every bud, that gem'd the vernal spray,
Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumnal ray.
He lofty elms transpos'd in order plac'd,
Luzuriant pears at will his alleys grac'd,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,
And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their shade.

Ah! favorite scenes! to other bards resign'd,
I leave your charms, and trace my task assign'd.

Now learn what added arts the race improve,
The meed of old conferr'd by grateful Jove;
What times the bees, by clanging cymbals led,
In Cretan caves the nursling Thunderer fed.
They, they alone a common race supply,
And dwell in towns beneath the public eye,
Love their known household, aid their countries cause,
Securely live beneath establish'd laws;
Prescient of winter, hoard the rifled spring,
And summer's tribute to the treasury bring.
Some, bound by compact, leave their native home,
And far and wide for daily nurture roam;
Form'd of thick gum and pale Narcissus' tear,
Some, in the hive, their new foundations rear;
These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend,
These to the race, the nation's hope, attend,
Condense pure honey, and insatiate swell
With liquid nectar each o'erflowing cell.
These, at the gate, their station'd vigils keep,
Mark where the clouds collect, the tempests sweep,

Unload the labourer, or, embattled, drive
The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive :
A nation toils, the work unwearied glows,
And, redolent of thyme, the honey flows.
As when the Cyclops, for the Almighty Sire,
Force from the stubborn mass the bolt of fire,
These slumbering flames with gather'd winds awake,
Those plunge the hissing bars beneath the lake ;
Heav'd with vast strength their arms in order rise,
And blow to blow in measur'd chime replies ;
While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,
And Ætna's caves with labouring anvils roar.
Not less (if, unprov'd, I rightly dare,
Things of low note with wondrous works compare)
The love of gain th' Hymettian swarm inspires,
Wakes every wish, and all their ardour fires.
To each his part ; age claims th' entrusted care
To rear the palace, and the dome repair ;
The young, returning home at dead of night,
Faint droop beneath the thyme that loads their flight.
Where'er a willow waves, or arbuté grows,
Or cassia scents the gale, or crocus glows,
Or hyacinth unfolds its purple hue,
Flower, shrub, and grove, for them their sweets renew.
Alike they labour, and alike repose ;
Forth from their gates each morn the nation flows,
And when pale twilight, from the wasted mead,
Bids the tir'd race, o'ercharg'd with spoil, recede,

They seek their roof, their drooping frames revive,
And shake with ceaseless hum the crowded hive.
Deep calm succeeds, each laid within his cell,
Where sleep and peace without a murmur dwell.
If tempests lower, or blustering Eurus sound,
Prescient they creep their city walls around,
Sip the pure rill that near their portal springs,
And bound their wary flight in narrower rings ;
And with light pebbles, like a balanc'd boat,
Poiz'd, through the air on even pinions float.

Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,
That none indulge the joys of mutual love :
None waste their strength by amorous toils subdu'd,
No pangs of labour renovate the brood.
By instinct led, at spring-tide's genial hour,
They gather all the race from herb and flower ;
Hence springs the people, hence th' imperial lord,
Their domes and waxen kingdoms rise restor'd.
And oft they roam where crags their feathers bruise,
And oft their lives beneath the burden lose ;
Such their fond zeal that every flower explores,
And glorious strife to swell their golden stores.

Hence, tho' harsh fate, when seven fleet summers end,
At once their labours and their lives suspend,
The race and realm from age to age remain,
And time but lengthens with new links the chain.
Not Lydia's sons nor Parthia's peopled shore,
Mede or Ægyptian thus their king adore.

He lives, and pours through all th' accordant soul ;
He dies, and by his death dissolves the whole :
Rage and fierce war their wondrous fabric tear,
Scatter their combs, and waste in wild despair.
He guards their works, his look deep reverence draws ;
Crowds swarm on crowds, and hum their loud applause,
Bear 'mid the press of battle on their wing,
And, proud to perish, die around their king.

Hence, to the bee some sages have assign'd
A portion of the God, and heavenly mind ;
For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole,
Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul ;
Each at its birth from him all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air ;
There all return, and, loos'd from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again,
Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,
Live 'mid the host of heaven, and star th' ethereal way.

But if thy search their sacred realm explore,
And from their treasures draw the honey'd store,
With spirted water damp their ready wing,
And veil'd in clouds of smoke elude the sting.
The golden harvest twice each year o'erflows,
Thou twice each year the plenteous cells unclose,
Soon as fair Pleias, bright'ning into day,
Spurns with indignant foot the watery way,
Or, when descending down th' aerial steep,
She pours her pale ray on the wintry deep.

The injur'd swarms with rage insatiate glow,
Barb every shaft and poison every blow,
Deem life itself to vengeance well resign'd,
Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind.

If wintry dearth thy prescient fears create,
Or rouse thy pity for their ruin'd state,
With thymy odours scent their smoking halls,
And pare th' unpeopled cells that load their walls.
There oft, unseen, dark newts insidious prey,
The beetle there that flies the light of day,
There feasts th' unbidden drone, there ring th' alarms
Of hornets battling with unequal arms,
Dire gnaws the moth, and o'er their portals spread
The spider watches her aerial thread.

Yet still, when most oppress'd, they mostly strive,
And tax their strength to renovate the hive ;
Contending myriads urge exhaustless powers,
Fill every cell, and crowd the comb with flowers.

· But (since dread ills both bees and man molest)
If e'er disease the languid hive infest,
Pale haggard looks th' undoubted sign display,
Their vigor wastes, and all their hues decay.
The dead are carried forth, and, sad and slow,
The long procession swells the pomp of woe ;
Then lurk the sick within their dark retreat,
Or cling around the doors with pensile feet,
Their drooping pinions, weak with famine, close,
Or, shrunk with cold, their torpid limbs repose.

Then long-drawn hums wind on from cell to cell,
Like gales that murmur down the woodland dell,
Or ebbing waves that roll along the shore,
Or flames that in the furnace inly roar.
Then round the hive in many a smoky wreath,
Let burning galbanum rich incense breathe,
Through reedy channels pour the golden flood,
Lure their coy taste, and court with tempting food.
There the dried rose and pounded galls combine,
And centaury strong-breath'd, and sodden wine,
Grapes that long ripe on Psythian vineyards hung,
And thyme that on the breeze rich fragrance flung.
In fields there grows a flower of pastoral fame,
Amellus, so the shepherds call its name ;
Sprung from one root its stalks profusely spread,
A golden circle glitters on its head,
But many a leaf with purple violet crown'd
Throws a soft shade the yellow disk around.
Tho' rough to taste, yet wreath'd round many a shrine,
In rich festoons its golden blossoms shine,
And by meandering Mella's pastur'd plain
With radiant lustre tempt the shepherd swain.
Seeth in rich wine its roots, and, oft renew'd,
High pile before their gates th' alluring food.
But should the nation fail, none left alive
To rear the brood and renovate the hive ;
Now shall my song, 't is now the time, explain
The great invention of th' Arcadian swain ;

How art creates, and can at will restore
Swarms from the slaughter'd bull's corrupted gore.
My song at large the legend shall embrace,
And to its fountain-head the whole retrace.
By bless'd Canopus, where th' exulting land
Sees the vast flood of stagnate Nile expand,
And a gay race in painted gallies glide
Around their fields that laugh beneath the tide ;
And where the stream from India's swarthy sons
Close on the verge of quiver'd Persia runs,
Broods o'er green Egypt with dark wave of mud,
And pours through many a mouth its branching flood :
All the vast tenants of that boundless space
Fix'd in this art their certain refuge place.
First in a spot, for that sole use design'd,
Prest with low roof, with streight'ning walls confin'd,
Where from each wind that, fourfold, Heaven divides,
Through adverse lights the day obliquely glides,
They drag a bullock, on whose youthful brow
His horns their crescent bend, and meditate the blow.
In vain his struggling limbs their power oppose,
While the strong hinds his mouth and nostrils close,
And bruising, blow by blow, the mass within,
Crush the burst entrails through th' unbroken skin.
There leave immur'd, and o'er his carcasse spread
Boughs and fresh sweets that thyme and cassia shed.
Thus all prepar'd, when first young Zephyr laves
His sportive pinions in the vernal waves,

Ere flowrets blush on earth's enamell'd breast,
 Or swallows twitter in their rafter'd nest.
 Meanwhile the moisture with fermenting strife
 Boils in the tender bones, and teems with life ;
 First on the sight, all wondrous to behold,
 Forms without feet a shapeless growth unfold,
 Anon the mingled swarms for flight prepare,
 Buzz on the wing, and feel the buoyant air ;
 Till all at once the bursting myriads tower,
 Countless as drops from summer's streaming shower,
 Or arrows whizzing from the Parthian bow
 When first the feather'd storm o'erclouds the foe.

Say, Muse, what God this art to mortals brought,
 Or man matur'd by slow experience taught ?

From Tempe's vale when Aristæus fled,
 His swarms by long disease and famine dead,
 At Peneus' fount he stood, and, bow'd with woe,
 Breath'd his deep murmurs to the nymph below :
 " Cyrene ! thou, whom these fair springs revere,
 " The sorrow of thy son, oh mother ! hear.
 " Why (such thy boast) if Heaven my lineage claim,
 " And Phœbus grace me with a father's name,
 " Why didst thou bring to light this baleful birth,
 " Accurs'd of fate and fugitive on earth ?
 " Oh ! whither fled thy fond maternal love,
 " And hope that rais'd me to the realm of Jove ?
 " E'en the frail honours of this earthly state,
 " Scarce wrung by labour from reluctant fate,

" Vain boast of cultur'd fruit and tended kine,
 " These, parent Goddess, I, thy son, resign.
 " Haste, thou thyself, my prosperous woods uproot,
 " Burn my full stalls, destroy my ripening fruit,
 " Fell my rich vineyards, wrap my fields in flame,
 " If thus thou loathe the praise that grac'd my name."

Deep in the chambers of the stream profound
 Cyrene heard the melancholy sound,
 While round the Goddess sat her sister train,
 And wound Milesian wool of sea-green stain.
 Phyllodoce, Thalia, Spio, join
 The social choir, and common work combine ;
 Cymodoce, Ligea, Opis there
 O'er their white bosoms spread their golden hair ;
 There chaste Cydippe, there Lycorias came,
 A virgin this, that own'd a mother's name ;
 There Clio, Beroe, both of ocean born,
 Gold wreathes their limbs, and painted skins adorn ;
 There Deiopea, and, her bow unstrung,
 Fleet Arethuse repos'd the choir among.
 Gay Clymene there sung, how vainly strove
 The God of fire against the frauds of love ;
 How Mars and Venus mix'd the stoin embrace,
 And all the wiles of Saturn's amorous race.
 While mute th' enchanted nymphs, with rosy head,
 Hung o'er their work and reel'd the fleecy thread,
 Cyrene heard again her offspring groan,
 Each Nereid started on her glassy throne,

And Arethusa, foremost of the train,
Rais'd her fair face above the billowy main.
" Ah ! not in vain," she cries, " that groan appals ;
" Cyrene ! thee, thy Aristæus calls,
" O'er kindred Peneus bends his drooping frame,
" And loads with cruelty a mother's name."

Wild with unusual fear Cyrene cried,
" Hither, oh hither, nymph ! the mourner guide ;
" He, unprov'd, amid these hallow'd bowers,
" May tread the mansions of immortal powers."

She spoke, and wav'd on either side her hand ;
At once on either side the waves expand ;
Around him Ocean, like a mountain, stood,
Op'd its vast womb and arch'd th' enclosing flood.
Awe-struck he pass'd along her watery reign,
Through opening wonders of the mighty main,
Lakes in their caverns pent, and sounding woods,
And the wild uproar of unfathom'd floods,
Fierce streams that burst their subterraneous caves,
And dash'd afar the thunder of their waves.

'Mid the foundations of the world below,
Each in its source, he saw the rivers flow,
Phasis, and Lycus, and the unsunn'd head,
Whence bold Enipeus' bursting waters spread,
Whence Tiber fills his urn, whence Anio glides,
Whence rocky Hypanis' resounding tides,
Caicus swift, and, awful to behold,
Grim-visag'd like a bull, with horns of gold,

Po, whose deep waters feed the fairest plain,
And, pour'd in torrents, swell th' empurpled main.

Now when Cyrene heard his fruitless woe,
Where fretted pumice arch'd the cave below,
Each to the youth the nymphs in order bring
The cleansing water from their native spring,
Pile the rich banquet, crown the cups with wine,
And with Panchæan flames illumine the shrine.

“ My son, these bowls, Mæonian vintage, take,

“ To Ocean first the due libation make ;

“ Hail thou, primæval sire ! hail, sister train !

“ Who o'er a thousand woods and rivers reign !”

The hearth thrice flow'd with wine, and thrice the blaze
Smote the high roof that sparkled with the rays.

Th' auspicious omen fir'd Cyrene's breast,
And thus her joyful lip the youth address'd.

“ Son, in Carpathia's gulf a seer resides,

“ Proteus, who cleaves with finny steeds the tides ;

“ He now returning to th' Æmathian shores,

“ Pallene's port, his native land, explores :

“ Him not alone we sister nymphs revere,

“ But hoary Nereus' self adores the seer ;

“ To him all nature and all times are known,

“ All past, all present, and all future, shown.

“ So Neptune wills ; whose herd, a monstrous train,

“ Safe in his guidance feeds beneath the main.

“ Him captive bind, and bid the God disclose

“ What Fate first caus'd, and what shall sooth thy woes.

“ Presents nor prayers can move his stubborn soul,
“ Constraint must tame and violence control ;
“ Alone he yields beneath the galling chain,
“ And, captive, tries each wearied art in vain.
“ When noontide flames and withering herbage fades,
“ And cattle pant beneath o’erhanging shades,
“ I, I myself thy step will safely guide,
“ And ’mid his inmost cave in ambush hide ;
“ There shalt thou seize him, a defenceless prey,
“ And, bound in slumber, bid the God obey.
“ Then shall the seer new forms at pleasure try,
“ And with swift change elusive mock the eye :
“ Now bristle like a boar his horrent crest,
“ Now a fierce tiger spring upon thy breast,
“ Or wreath in dragon folds his scaly train,
“ Or like a lion shake his brindled mane :
“ Now chang’d in crackling fire thy grasp betray,
“ Or glide a wave in liquid lapse away.
“ The more each monstrous form the seer belies,
“ More closely fetter in each new disguise,
“ Till the tir’d God, through every change pursu’d,
“ Resume the shape he wore when first by sleep subdu’d.”

She spoke, and all the air with fragrance fill’d,
And o’er her son ambrosial dew distill’d ;
Wide from his wavy tresses fragrance flow’d,
And full in every limb the godhead glow’d.
Deep in the mountain spreads a spacious cave,
By driving tempests worn with frequent wave,

Where oft enclos'd in many a winding bay,
Fled from the storm the shelter'd vessel lay :
Cool shadowy grot, the Prophet's old retreat,
Fenc'd by high rocks, and screen'd from noontide heat.
Cyrene there her son in darkness shrouds,
And stands at distance veil'd in mantling clouds.
On India's gasping plains now Sirius gaz'd,
And the noon sun 'mid heaven's red concave blaz'd,
Parch'd the dry grass, and shrunk beneath the ray
The streams slow working through their oozy way ;
When Proteus drooping from the sultry wave,
Sought the cool haunt of his accustom'd cave.
His herd around in awkward gambols threw
Their shapeless forms, and dash'd the briny dew ;
Then here and there, in many a scatter'd band,
Stretch'd their huge limbs, and slept along the strand.
He, as a mountain swain, when Hesper leads
His flock returning from the twilight meads,
And the rous'd wolf the far-heard bleat pursues,
Sits on the cliff, and all his charge reviews.
The time invites : while Proteus bends to rest,
The youth impatient springs upon his breast,
Binds with loud clamour, as he writhes in vain,
And closely fetters with triumphant chain.

Yet, not forgetful of his art, the God,
In wondrous change of monster, fire, and flood,
Strove to elude th' indissoluble yoke,
Then rose in human form, and sternly spoke.

"Rash youth ! what frenzy urg'd thy impious feet
 "To rush unbidden on my lone retreat ?" [turns,
 "Proteus, thou know'st, thou know'st," the youth re-
 "None can deceive thy power that all discerns ;
 "Cease the vain strife ; by Heavens high mandate sway'd,
 "I claim relief from thy prophetic aid."

He said, and, fill'd with fate, the struggling sire
 Roll'd his green eyes that flash'd indignant fire ;
 From his pale lip reluctant accents broke,
 And his teeth clatter'd as the Godhead spoke.

"Great is thy guilt ; on thy devoted head
 "Indignant gods no common vengeance shed ;
 "Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn
 "His ravish'd bride that never shall return ;
 "Wild for her loss, calls down th' inflicted woes,
 "And deadlier threatens, if no fate oppose.
 "When urg'd by thee along the marshy bed,
 "Th' unhappy nymph in frantic terror fled ;
 "She saw not, doom'd to die, across her way,
 "Where, couch'd beneath the grass, the serpent lay.
 "But every Dryad, their companion dead,
 "O'er the high rocks their echo'd clamour spread,
 "The Rhodopeian mounts with sorrow rung,
 "Deep wailings burst Pangæa's cliffs among,
 "Sad Orithyia, and the Getæ wept,
 "And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.
 "He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
 "Sooth'd his sad love with melancholy tone :

“ On thee, sweet bride ! still dwelt th’ undying lay,
“ Thee first at dawn deplor’d, thee last at close of day.
“ For thee he dar’d to pass the jaws of hell,
“ And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,
“ Trod with firm foot in horror’s gloomy grove,
“ Approach’d the throne of subterraneous Jove,
“ Nor fear’d the manès and stern host below,
“ And hearts that never felt for human woe.
“ Drawn by his song from Erebus profound
“ Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,
“ Countless as birds that fill the leafy bower
“ Beneath pale eve, or winter’s driving shower.
“ Matrons and sires, and unaffianc’d maids,
“ Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
“ Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,
“ While their fond parents saw th’ ascending fire :
“ All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud
“ Of slow Cocytus’ unrejoicing flood,
“ All whom the Stygian lake’s dark confine bounds,
“ And with nine circles maze in maze surrounds.
“ On him, astonish’d Death and Tartarus gaz’d,
“ Their viper hair the wondering Furies rais’d :
“ Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half clos’d,
“ And fix’d in air Ixion’s wheel repos’d.
“ Now every peril o’er, when Orpheus led
“ His rescu’d prize in triumph from the dead,
“ And the fair bride, so Proserpine enjoin’d,
“ Press’d on his path, and follow’d close behind,

“ In sweet oblivious trance of amorous thought
“ The lover err’d, to sudden frenzy wrought :
“ Ah ! venial fault ! if hell had ever known
“ Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.
“ He stopp’d, and, ah ! forgetful, weak of mind,
“ Cast, as she reach’d the light, one look behind.
“ There die his hopes, by love alone betray’d,
“ He broke the law that hell’s stern tyrant made ;
“ Thrice o’er the Stygian lake a hollow sound
“ Portentous murmur’d from its depth profound.
“ ‘ Alas ! what fates our hapless love divide,
“ ‘ What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride !
“ ‘ Again I sink ; a voice resistless calls,
“ ‘ Lo ! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.
“ ‘ Now, now farewell ! involv’d in thickest night,
“ ‘ Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,
“ ‘ And stretch tow’rds thee, all hope for ever o’er,
“ ‘ These unavailing arms, ah ! thine no more.’
“ She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,
“ Swift as dissolving smoke through æther spread,
“ Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
“ To catch her shade, and pour the plaints of love.
“ Deaf to his prayer no more stern Charon gave
“ To cross the Stygian lake’s forbidden wave.
“ What shall he do ? where, dead to hope, reside ?
“ ‘ Reft of all joy, and doubly lost his bride ;
“ What tears shall sooth th’ inexorable God ?
“ Pale swam her spirit to its last abode.

“ Ah ! many a month he wept in lofty caves
“ By frozen Strymon’s solitary waves ;
“ With melting melodies the beasts subdu’d,
“ And drew around his harp the listening wood.
“ Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,
“ Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch’d away, [nest,
“ Whom some rough hind, that watch’d her fostering
“ Tore yet unfledg’d from the maternal breast :
“ She, on the bough, all night her plaint pursues,
“ Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
“ No earthly charms had power his soul to move,
“ No second hymeneal lur’d to love.
“ ’Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
“ ’Mid deserts hoary with Riphæan snows,
“ Lone roam’d the bard, his ravish’d bride deplor’d,
“ And the vain gift of hell’s relenting lord.
“ Scorn’d of the youth, whom grief alone could charm,
“ Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm ;
“ ’Mid the dark orgies of their God, they tore
“ His mangled limbs, and tost along the shore.
“ Ah ! at that time while roll’d the floating head
“ Torn from his neck, down Hebrus’ craggy bed,
“ His last, last voice, his tongue, now cold in death,
“ Still nam’d Eurydice with parting breath ;
“ ‘ Ah ! poor Eurydice ! ’ his spirit sigh’d,
“ And all the rocks Eurydice replied.”—

Thus Proteus spoke, and with impetuous bound
Plung’d in the circling waves that foam’d around.

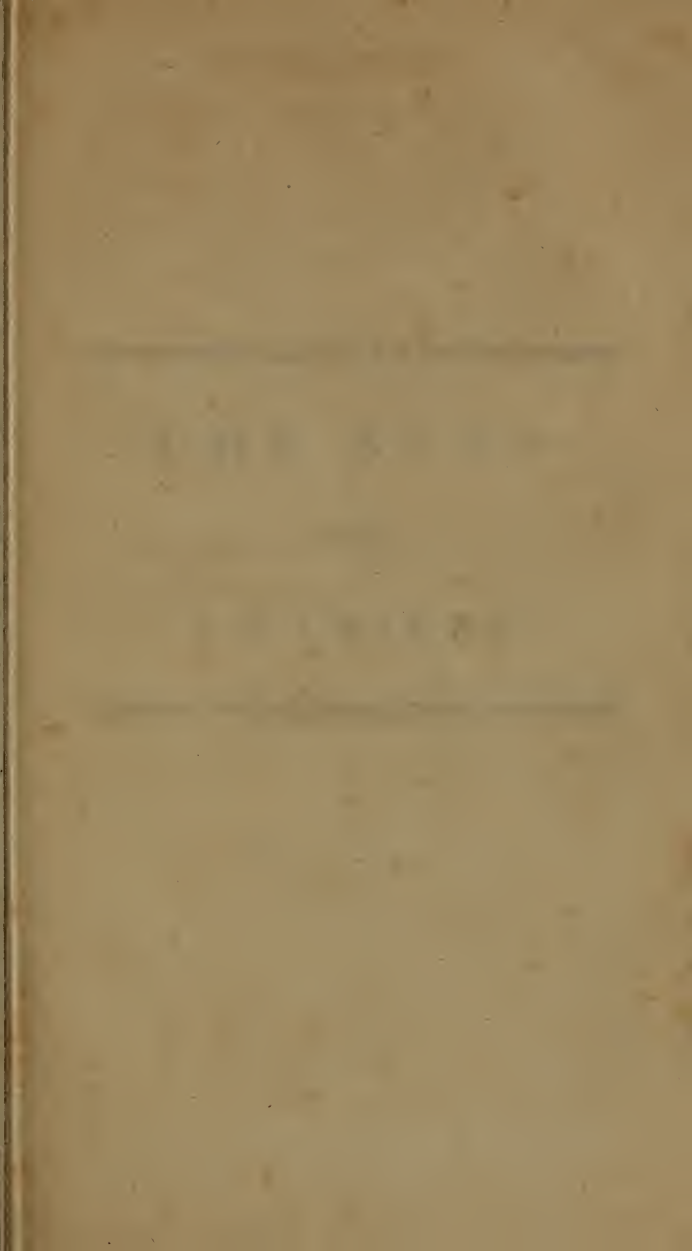
Not thus Cyrene : " Son ! thy cares are o'er,
 " Cease thy vain fears, and heave the sigh no more !
 " Clear is the cause ; the nymphs that lov'd the maid,
 " Their sportful partner in the woodland shade,
 " Laid waste thy hive ; thou, bend with suppliant strain,
 " Woo with rich gifts, and sooth to peace again ;
 " Soon will th' indulgent Dryads cease their rage,
 " And solemn rites their yielding souls assuage.
 " Four beauteous bulls that on Lycæus feed,
 " Four heifers choose that range unyok'd the mead ;
 " Before the nymphs' high shrines four altars rear,
 " And to each Goddess slay the votive steer ;
 " Then leave the victims weltering in their blood
 " To waste unseen beneath th' umbrageous wood.
 " On the ninth dawn to Orpheus poppies strow,
 " And sooth with sable sheep his shade below ;
 " Be to his bride a votive heifer slain,
 " Then seek, with hope reviv'd, the grove again."—
 The youth obey'd her voice ; the nymphs rever'd,
 Before their shrines to each her altar rear'd ;
 Four beauteous bulls from green Lycæus drew,
 Four unyok'd heifers on the altars slew,
 With solemn offerings sooth'd th' Orphean shade,
 And, the ninth dawn, explor'd th' umbrageous glade.

Oh, wondrous sight ! amid the putrid flood,
 Dissolving entrails and fermented blood,
 From bursting hides, with myriads darken'd o'er,
 Buzz the wing'd bees, and stream through every pore,

Trail in long clouds afar their lengthening flight,
On topmost trees in confluent crowds unite,
And from the bending boughs on high suspend
Swarms that like clustering grapes to earth descend.

Thus sung the Muse, in unambitious strains,
Of trees, of cattle, and of cultur'd plains ;
While mighty Cæsar, where Euphrates flows,
Amid the battle, arm'd in thunder, glows,
Victor o'er willing realms his laws extends,
And from the world to opening heaven ascends.
I, VIRGIL, then mid Naples' grateful bowers,
In ease inglorious nurs'd my studious hours,
I whose bold youth the pastoral strain essay'd,
And sung thee, Tityrus, in the beechen shade.

END OF THE GEORGICS.



THE BEES.

FROM

J. VANIERE.



THE
B E E S,
FROM
THE LATIN OF J. VANIERE:

BEING THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HIS

PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

.....“ Priscis incognita sæclis
“ Eloquar ; et mira quantum dulcedine Versus
“ Virgilius, rerum tantum novitate placebo,
“ Veridicæ magis Historiæ quam Carminis Auctor.”

VANIERE.

MIDDLETOWN, (CONN.)

PRINTED FOR I. RILEY, NEW-YORK.

.....
1808.

*RICHARD ALSOP, Printer,
Middletown, Connecticut.*

TO

MISS SUSANNA ARABELLA THRALE.



DEAR MADAM,

I HERE present to you the production of a very young Poet. You will smile at the expression, but give me leave to say it is strictly true. The work was finished several years ago, in the season of youth, when the famous Italian and French writers of Latin Poetry engaged my attention. Lately, indeed, for the amusement of some vacant hours, I revised the Translation with all the care in my power. Age correcting youth is apt to be morose, but while in my own case I avoided that error, I fear that I have been too indulgent to my juvenile days. As soon as I had retouched the whole, I was on the point of consigning it once more to obscurity, when it occurred to me that the subject might afford you some entertainment. I therefore resolved to send it into the world, and to adorn it with your name.

You will, I am aware, be much surprised at the liberty I have taken; but I beg that you will not be alarmed. Not having been used to Dedications, I do not mean to adopt the style generally used in that mode of composition. I will not say,

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those.

I pass by, though not with insensibility, the smiles that enliven your countenance, and dart, as Doctor Garth expresses it, emanations from the mind. Of these, and the graces of your person, I say nothing: they are visible, wherever you appear. In like manner, the vivacity of your conversation, the elegance of your manners, and the virtues of your heart, are known to all, who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you. They are topics on which I need not enlarge.

Shall I betray my own secret? The fact is, I am rather selfish on this occasion: I mean to gratify my pride, by declaring in this public manner, that I am favoured by you and your amiable sisters with a degree of politeness and attention, which it has never been in my power to deserve. If in your eyes I have any merit, I can guess from what source that partiality arises: you know that I lived many years in habits of friendship with Mr. THRALE; you

know that I honour his memory, and to this hour regret the loss of so excellent a man. He is, however, in some degree revived, when I behold with a secret pleasure, his daughters inheriting the amiable qualities, and the virtues of so worthy a father.

Not to encroach too far upon your time, I have only to request your favourable acceptance of the following trifle, even though you have been often delighted with the same subject in Dryden's Virgil. I have not the presumption to think of entering the lists with our great English Poet: that task required such a genius as Mr. Pope. I must, however, observe, that you will find, in what is here offered to you, a more genuine and true account of the Bees than was known in Virgil's time. But truth, it is said, ought not to be spoken at all times; to you I am sure it ought; and, for that reason, I beg leave to add one truth more, which is, that I have the honour to be, with the greatest esteem,

Dear Madam,

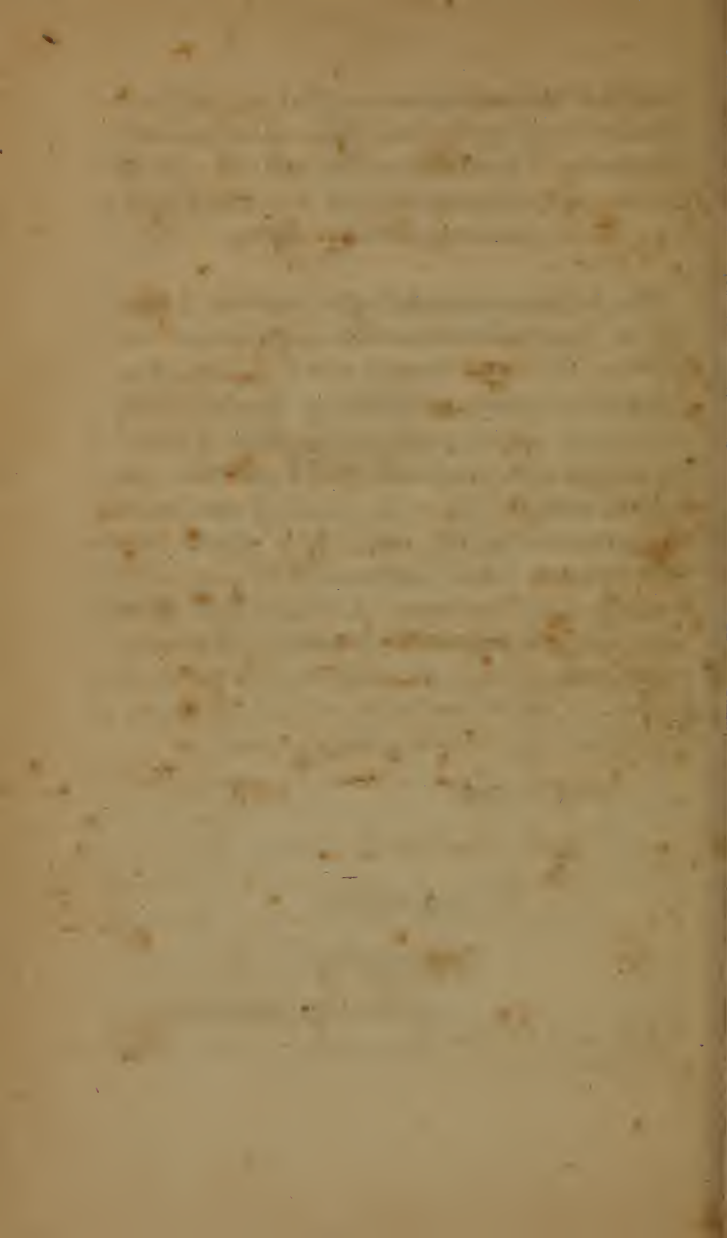
Your most obliged

And most obedient

Humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

*Hammersmith Terrace,
30th March, 1799.*



T H E B E E S.

CANTO I.

CONTENTS.

Apology for attempting the subject after Virgil—The nature of the Bees now better known than by the ancients—and the truth may please as much as Virgil's poetry—The Bees lured from their woods and caves by the art of man—Their love of secrecy, and enmity to spies—A French philosopher framed glass hives, and discovered the manners of the Bees, as related in this Poem—The Bees love to dwell in their hives—all things in common—Their care of their young—While the young rove abroad, the elders manage every thing in the hive—the young Bees return at night, and all lie hushed in sleep, till at the dawn of day the elders rouse them—The young Bees fill their honey-bags—collect wax, and carry it in bags fastened to their legs, and also the glue from the leaves of trees—they begin their work in spring, and with viscous matter close all the crannies of their hive—The form and make of the Bee—The hive kept in neat order—due obsequies paid to the dead—Snails great enemies to the Bees—but perish enclosed in their own shell—Worms and butterflies destroyed—An animal of the lizard kind a dangerous enemy, but conquered by the Bees—Due care taken of the sick—The sluggard is deemed a public enemy, and put to death.

T H E B E E S.

CANTO I.

THE Bee, artificer of nectar'd store,
Sung by the Mantuan Bard on Tiber's shore,
Invites the Muse : ye sons of Ancient Rome,
Whose splendid virtues triumph o'er the tomb ;
Who still survive in the historic page,
Applauded and rever'd in every age ;
Forgive a Modern Bard, who dares aspire
To touch the chords of Virgil's sacred lyre ;
To trace the theme, which he divinely sung,
His tuneful harp while all the graces strung,
And sylvan nymphs, with the harmonious Nine,
Gave sweetest melody to every line.
Oh ! not for me to vie with Maro's strain,
But still, Fair Science, still thy stores remain.
Aided by thee in nature's maze I view
More than the ancient sages ever knew ;

And tho' the Roman charms with graceful ease,
 Plain truth I boast ; by that aspire to please,
 Th' historian,(1) not the poet, of the Bees.

In elder times, conceal'd from human sight,
 To woods the subtle nations wing'd their flight ;
 In caverns there, or trunks of oak decay'd
 To waxen cells ambrosial stores convey'd.
 But soon to lure the solitary tribes
 To social life man tried by various bribes,
 With aromatic sweets he strow'd the way,
 And plac'd before them all the blooming May,
 Lur'd by the fragrance that perfum'd the air,
 To new abodes the misanthropes repair ;
 In caves and dens their laws no longer plan,
 But throng to hold kind intercourse with man ;
 For man they work ; for man their labours thrive ;
 To man they yield the treasures of the Hive ;
 Yet modest still, a veil their caution draws
 Their manners o'er their government and laws.

While thus, tho' civiliz'd, they shun the light,
 How shall the muse their wonderous deeds recite ?
 Content to labour in their close retreats,
 They mould their wax, and hoard their golden sweets.
 If spies approach their secrets to descry,
 With soul all up in arms enrag'd they fly,
 With darts envenom'd round th' invader cling,
 And leave their little lives(2) in every sting.

Yet were their nature known, the voice of Fame
With loud applause their merit would proclaim :
But Fame's a motive which they never feel ;
Their ruling passion is the public weal.

Long from the eye of man and face of day
Involv'd in darkness all their customs lay,
Until a sage well vers'd in nature's lore,
A genius form'd all science to explore,
Hives well contriv'd in chrystal frames(3) dispos'd,
And there the busy citizens inclos'd.
By that Dædalian art from danger free,
And the fierce passions of the jealous Bee,
The prudent seer in his transparent case
Could all their laws, their works, and manners trace :
What he disclos'd the Muse shall here relate ;
A Georgic rising from an insect state.

The birds of heaven on vagrant pinions fly,
Their wants in groves and meadows to supply,
And, when benighted, they forsake the glade
To rest on trees, or seek some woodland shade.
Not so the Bees : in their own well-built cell,
Their settled mansion, they delight to dwell.
This their new policy, their favorite plan,
And in this only they resemble man.
By hoarded wealth no individual tries
Above the modest citizens to rise ;
No sordid avarice taints the generous mind ;
Their stock in common lies to all resign'd ;

And when in civil compact they unite,
No state is so observant of the right.

They toil incessant in their country's cause,
And ply their work, nor wish for vain applause.
Next to their progeny their cares incline,
Ambitious to perpetuate the line.
And while successive population thrives,
To late posterity the state survives.

Abundant stores in magazines to lay
The whole employ and business of the day.
For that they toil ; in that place all their joy,
And in their different spheres their skill employ.
In meadows, fields, and groves the pilferers roam,
In house-hold cares the aged work at home.
The sun declining, through the murky air
Back to their hive the vagrant bands repair.
There in soft slumber close their willing eyes,
And hush'd in silence the whole nation lies.
When the dawn blushes in the eastern clime,
The watchful elders, frugal of their time,
Start from their couch ; exulting clap their wings,
And with their busy hum the city' rings ;
They sound th' alarm, the younger race excite,
And to the labours of the field invite.
Rous'd by the din, the young their couch despise,
And flickering on their wings with vigour rise.
As when an army, at the dawn of day,
Marshal their bold brigades in dread array ;

The trumpet's clangor every breast alarms,
And the field glitters with their burnish'd arms.
So the Bees, summon'd to their daily toil,
Arise, and meditate their fragrant spoil ;
And ere they start, in fancy wing their way,
And in the absent field devour their prey.
No rest, no pause, no stay ; the eager band
Rush through the gate, and issue on the land ;
Fly wild of wing, a teeming meadow choose,
Rifle each flower, and sip nectareous dews.

For depredation while the rovers fly,
Should some sagacious Bee a garden spy,
Or a rich bed of roses newly blown,
Scorning to taste the luxury alone,
She summons all her friends ; her friends obey ;
They throng, they press, they urge, they seize their prey ;
Rush to the socket of each blooming flower,
And from that reservoir the sweets devour ;
Till with the liquids from that source distill'd
Their eager thirst their honey-bags has fill'd.
Untir'd they work, insatiate still for more,
And viscous matter for their domes explore.
That treasure gain'd, in parcels small and neat
They mould the spoil, and press it with their feet ;
Then in the bags, which nature's hand has twin'd,
Around their legs, a safe conveyance find.
Nor yet their labours cease ; their time they pass
In rolling on the leaves, until the mass

Clings to their bodies, then in wild career
Loaded with booty, to their cells they steer.

Soon as the spring its genial warmth renews,
And from the rising flowers calls forth the dews,
Th' industrious multitude on every plain
Begin the labours of the vast campaign,
Ere the parch'd meadows mourn their verdure fled,
And the sick rose-bud hangs its drooping head.

But if the rigour of ungenial skies
Small hopes of honey or of wax supplies,
On oaks and firs the busy troop appears,
Gathering the glue that to the boughs adheres ;
With that, as pitch tenacious, they contrive
To close each orifice around their hive ;
And thus, each cranny well with cement lin'd,
Like prudent masons every cell they bind.

If we survey the structure of the Bee
Two arms adjoining to the neck we see,
A hand to each, that fingers apt displays,
Wax to collect, and honey-combs to raise.

When from the field her store the plunderer brings,
She grasps the roof, and there suspended clings,
Not with vain glory to display her prize,
And with her riches strike admiring eyes,
But to unload her that the house-hold train
May join, and send her to her sylvan reign.
The house-hold train unpack the load with care,
And with the spoil to instant work repair ;

And, while abroad the young for plunder go,
No lazy indolence, no respite know,
But knead and labour for the public use
The ductile wax, and the ambrosial juice ;
Or else, like artists in proportion skill'd,
Rooms for the rising generation build.

All have their province in the general toil,
All know their task ; from labour none recoil.
Some bend the arch, and with attention due,
Like skilful architects, the works review ;
No thin partitions leave, smooth every place,
That no sharp angles may the cells deface.
When to the hive her plunder to convey
A Bee attempts or bear some load away,
Eager and ready their best aid to lend,
In troops the busy multitude attend.

For bustling throngs that pass with eager pace,
Their buildings leave a free and vacant space ;
Without the geometric rules of man,
No city boasts so regular a plan.
To guard their nectar from the solar beam,
Or winter's frost, they glue each porous seam ;
Lodge in their store-house their collected prey,
Yet leave at large provision for the day.
Neatness prevails ; all avenues are clear,
And taste and order through the hive appear.

Worn out with age, or by disease oppress'd,
When stretch'd in death a Bee sinks down to rest,

With the cold corpse a melancholy train
 In slow procession seeks the neighboring plain ;
 There their lost friend on the cold sod they lay,
 And the last rites and funeral honours pay.

If e'er a snail, as history relates,
 Elude the guard, and pass the city gates,
 The Bees with horror see his hideous glare,
 And scent his mucus in the tainted air ;
 They rush to war ; war sounds in every cell,
 And the foe shrinks contracted in his shell ;
 There close entrench'd the pointed darts defies,
 Till the Bee's genius a new scheme supplies :
 With viscous heaps the monster they surround,
 And safe enclose him in the waxen pound.

Should foreign troops near their domain appear,
 They know no danger, no invasion fear,
 While their out-guards patrol the open plain,
 And at the gates the sentinels remain.
 No town besieg'd, to arms when danger calls,
 And ruin threatens their beleagur'd walls,
 Can with more skill a chain of posts combine,
 Or in close ambush place the martial line.

Around their dome the worm oft winds its way,
 And butterflies their fluttering wings display ;
 Straight the whole nation burns with martial fires ;
 They fight, they dart their stings, the foe expires.

A pest more noxious, of the lizard kind,
 To war perpetual with the Bees inclin'd,

Invades the mansion ; swarms soon hover round ;
The tumult thickens, and the cells resound,
For the defence of all the state holds dear
Associations in each street appear ;
With souls on fire, inspired with warlike rage,
They form their phalanx, and the foe engage ;
Till to the wing'd militia forc'd to yield,
He shuns th' unequal war, and quits the field.
By valour while the Bees gain endless fame,
Humanity adds lustre to their name.
They give their sick whate'er their stores can yield,
And cull for them the physic of the field.
But to state-crimes no lenity they show,
The lazy sluggard is a public foe.
Him they pursue with unrelenting hate,
Against him they unsheath the sword of state ;
And, lest th' example to contagion rise,
A victim to the laws the culprit dies.



N O T E S.

(1) VANIERE, in his introduction, proposes to give a full and exact account of the surprising customs and manners of the Bees. This forms the subject of one of his sixteen Books on Husbandry, in each of which he expatiates on some particular branch of rural economy. His Poem of the Bees is elegantly written, and, though not to be compared to Virgil's inimitable style, yet, in point of truth and real information, is superior to that of the Roman Poet, who, it is to be lamented, did not know the facts, which modern discoveries have brought to light.

The invention of glass hives by Maraldi, enabled that famous philosopher to give an exact History of the Bees, as through that transparent medium he was able to observe the manners, the genius, and all the labours of these wonderful insects. He published his account in the *Histoire de L'Academie Royal des Sciences*, on the 6th November, 1712. Vaniere professes to have collected his materials from Maraldi, and has done them ample justice. Of the truth no doubt can be entertained, when we find, that, since that time, Reaumur, another member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, published his History of Insects, and, in almost all particulars, coincides with Maraldi.

(2) *Aculeum Apibus natura dedit ventri consertum. Ad unum istum hoc infixum quidam eas statim emori putant.*

Pliny, Lib. xi. s. ix.

(3) Pliny tells us, that the Bees sit, like hens, to hatch their young ; and this he says was seen, in the suburbs of Rome, in the gardens of some man of consular rank, by the medium of hives made of transparent horn, like lanterns. But he does not say that he saw this himself: it seems from his manner of stating it, in the gardens *consularis cujusdam*, that he heard a mere vague report ; for incubation among the Bees has never been seen. Had the use of the transparent hive, like a lantern, been known at Rome, the true history of the Bees, most probably, would not have been reserved for Maraldi.

THE BEES.

CANTO II.

CONTENTS.

THE Bees have no King—a Queen rules the state—the rising generation springs from her—Description of the Queen—she has no sting like the rest—loyalty of her subjects—Grief occasioned by her death—The elder Princess succeeds to the throne—her subjects follow her to the wars—she has no ambition to display her valour, but still commands her army—Her guards attend her progress wherever she goes—if she is tired, they carry her to her palace—The Drones are of the male kind—they are the Queen's lovers—in the autumn they are destroyed by the working Bees, or driven from the hive—The Queen's modesty at the various times of her lying-in—she produces at each delivery ten eggs, and commits them to the care of nurses—At the end of four days a worm crawls out of the shell—care of the elders to protect the worms from the cold air—In twelve days the worm changes to a complete Bee—While the young Bees are employed in fields and gardens, the elders take care of the hive—The elder Princess prepares to found a new realm—The young Bees resolve to emigrate—they enter into plots for that purpose—The swarms sally forth, but soon return—The new Queen goes back to the hive with all her followers—Quarrel between them and the old Bees.

T H E B E E S.

CANTO II.

BEFORE the poet's eye new wonders spring ;
'Tis yours those wonders heavenly Muse, to sing.
'Tis yours to tell, amidst a virgin race
Their numerous issue from what source to trace ;
Whence spring the myriads ere the year goes round,
That sally forth new colonies to found.
'Tis yours, ye Nine, a ray of light to give ;
The truth you teach, to latest time shall live.
From you we learn the secret with surprise
That all their various generations rise
From one prolific Queen :(1) In Virgil's lays
A solitary king the sceptre sways ;
A king, insensible of female charms,
Stranger to Venus and love's soft alarms.
But, late discover'd, truth begins to shine ;
No salique law excludes the female line.

As o'er the Amazons on Scythian plains
In royal state Penthesilea reigns ;
With Bees the same sound policy is seen ;
Their monarchy is govern'd by a Queen.

Indulgent nature gives the royal fair
A form much larger, a majestic air.

• Around her face black jet and streaks of white,
Emblems of dignity, their tints unite.
Bedropt with glistening gold her wings display
The purple blushes of the rising day.

And yet she boasts no military pride ;
Nature no dart envenom'd has supplied,
She rules by law ; no blood her counsels stains,
But mercy her prerogative maintains.
On her with ardent zeal her subjects wait,
On her depends the glory of the state.
While she in health supports her just command,
'Tis joy and Io Pæan through the land.
Should sickness seize her, her approaching doom
The nation dreads ; a melancholy gloom
Hangs lowering o'er the state ; the anxious train
Nor mould their wax, nor seek the flowery plain.
No work perform'd, they crowd with dismal moan
To the Queen's palace, and in anguish groan.
Should Fate's stern mandate close at length her days,
With horror struck(2) their dismal notes they raise ;
Around the bed extended where she lies,
Loud shrieks and lamentations rend the skies.

Thither they throng, they press, they groan, they weep,
 Howl through the day, at night sad vigils keep,
 Until, her cold remains convey'd away,
 The last sad obsequies the mourners pay.

The rites perform'd, a gayer scene appears ;
 Hereditary right the Bee reveres.

The elder princess mounts the vacant throne,
 And her just claim her willing subjects own.

If neighboring nations threaten fierce alarms,
 Her bold brigades undaunted rush to arms.

Unfit by nature for th' embattled fray,
 She ne'er attempts her valour to display,

But like a skilful general presides,

Marshals the squadrons, and the battle guides.

When the warm sun salutes with genial light
 The teeming fields, and zephyrs bland invite
 To purer air, if then she choose to rove
 In flowery gardens, or the verdant grove,
 The guards, to shield her through the glowing sky,
 Around her majesty with ardour fly.

If on the grass(3) her weary limbs are laid,
 To bear her to the town they lend their aid.

When in her palace plac'd, a faithful band
 Around the portal take their silent stand.

If through the realm a journey she pursue,
 The works, the cells and magazines to view,
 Where'er she moves, that way their course they bend,
 And in her progress on their Queen attend.

As the proud Ottoman, who towers above
 Ties of affection, and connubial love,
 Seeks, for variety, his dome to fill
 With blooming virgins, pliant to his will ;
 So has the sovereign Bee her amorous train ;
 Proud of her charms, of her attraction vain,
 She boasts her Male Seraglio ; unconfin'd
 Her favours grants, and multiplies her kind.
 When in apt season her intrigues begin,
 No law has made polygamy a sin.

Her paramours, an idle, recreant race,
 Dissolv'd in pleasure, and love's soft embrace,
 In sloth inglorious loiter in the hive,
 And from their vice the name of DRONES derive.
 Hence, when the sun in Libra mounts the sky,
 Against the sluggard crew th' industrious fly,
 And lest the state a burthen should maintain,
 In one vast carnage(4) stretch them on the plain.
 Should some survive the slaughter of the day,
 The refuse from the realm is chas'd away.

The throes of nature soon the Queen invite
 To bring the fruit of her amours to light ;
 She then retires ; her child-bed pangs endures,
 And for each egg a separate cell secures.
 Mean time her subjects to her dome repair,
 Fresh roses strew, and fan with wings the air ;
 Try all their arts her spirits to compose,
 And with soft murmurs lull her to repose.

The room hexagonal in which she lies,
By glue is guarded from inquiring eyes ;
For modesty her reign here settled sees,
And, fled from maids of honour, dwells with Bees.

Oft as the Queen invokes Lucina's aid,
Ten future citizens in eggs are laid ;
Those, like our dames of quality, she sends
Out to be nurs'd by her plebeian friends.
Her friends the tender task with pleasure share,
And rear the little progeny with care.
Wrapp'd in their case the torpid embryos lie,
Till the fifth sun ascends the purple sky ;
Then through the shell a worm its passage finds,
And crawling forth in spiral motions winds.
A juice the nurses, like new milk, provide,
And with that food the infant grub's supply'd.
That aliment in time they change, and lay
A train of honied store along the way.
Soon plastic Nature works by secret means,
To raise the grov'ling worm to higher scenes.
Legs, claws, and stings the ductile matter makes,
And a new form and shape the insect takes,
Smit with the novelty, with pride elate,
And wondering much at its Aurelia state.
For their wing'd being while they thus prepare,
If then, " a nipping and an eager air,"
Retard their growth, and check the seeds of life,
The elders round them press with eager strife ;

From the keen piercing breeze shield every part,
And by their bustling circles warmth impart.
Nor thus content, their cares they still extend
The puny race from danger to defend.
For this a fence around their nests they bind
With viscous glue, impervious to the wind.
But ere sequester'd from the beams of day,
Food for twelve days in every cell they lay.
That time elaps'd, the walls that bar their flight
The prisoners gnaw, impatient for the light ;
They struggle into life ; with wondering eyes
See fluttering myriads all around them rise ;
Survey the vaulted roof, the crowds that fill
The pendant mansions, and the builders' skill ;
Then view themselves, admiring, as they change,
A metamorphosis so new and strange.
Their reptile origin they now despise,
Yet doubt their wings, and fear to trust the skies ;
Till seeing numbers in their airy height,
They try their strength, and snatch a fearful flight.
At length the citizens for work prepare,
Fly all abroad, and cleave the liquid air,
The young then fearing to be left behind,
Join in the chase, and sail along the wind.
By instinct taught, from flower to flower they stray,
Pilfer the sweets and bear the spoil away ;
And thus initiated learn to swell
With golden nectar the distended cell.

In fields and groves while these freebooters roam,
A prudent sage conducts affairs at home,
Surveys the cells, and where a flaw she finds,
With firm tenacious glue the structure binds.

The Queen has now produc'd her infant train,
And the throng'd hive no longer can contain
Such vast redundant tribes ; with young delight
The swarms begin to meditate their flight.
But where to settle ? in what region meet ?
Of their new monarchy where fix the seat ?
Under a Princess of the royal line
They plan their schemes, and form their bold design.
To raise her to a throne they all conspire,
And in her bosom fan ambition's fire.

The Princess, conscious of her right to sway
The future realm, prepares to lead the way.
At early dawn she calls her friends around,
And mimics with her hum the trumpet's sound ;
Exulting claps her wings, and soon she sees
Following her standard the revolting Bees ;
Exhorts them to renounce their native land,
And found an empire on some distant strand.
To her the wandering tribe with ardour clings,
Charm'd with her youth, her mien, her burnish'd wings.
All, whom the schemes of innovation please,
Hold clubs and meetings ; the United Bees
Are then in council ; they advise, debate,
Resolv'd to found an independant state.

During those days all work is at a stand ;
Nor groves, nor lawns invite the roving band.
From fragrant flowers the mal-contents abstain,
Nor seek the gardens, nor the teeming grain.
The domes, the cells, the stores, the waxen frame
From politicians no attention claim ;
Their former government no more they prize,
But in their clubs the public welfare dies.
With their new principles the cells resound,
And the bold Machiavels the gates surround.

Thus when sedition, wak'd by vile intrigue,
In some great empire forms a treacherous league ;
When lurking foes brood o'er their fell design,
And state reformers in their plot combine ;
Though yet rebellion has not rais'd its head,
The corresponding clubs dire danger spread,
New weapons forge, their blunted swords repair,
Sharpen their poniards, and their pikes prepare.

The young princess her party to revive,
Flies wild of wing through all the bustling hive ;
And to renounce at once their native rights,
The friends of revolution she invites.
If prompt they're found, and willing to obey,
She gives the word, and marshals them the way.

The Drones, in peace a dull inactive crew,
But ever prone new measures to pursue,
Rush to the gate, the emigrants excite,
And with loud clangor urge them to the flight.

Sublime upon the summit of the hive
The Princess sees her troops in crowds arrive ;
The troops in crowds, devoted to her cause,
Rush to her court, and murmur their applause.
Their combination closer still to draw,
And bind the bold seceders by a law,
The chiefs around their Queen in circles shine,
And thus embodied mark their fix'd design.

Lest by delay their spirit should subside,
The queen commands the ranks to open wide ;
Then rears her standard ; straight the swarms obey,
And crowds of legions quite obscure the day.
Not far their march extends ; they bend their course
To the next forest, and collect their force,
There for their meeting a fit station seize,
And cling suspended, clustering on the trees ;
But soon irresolute, to doubt inclin'd,
Waver, resolve, and fix, and change their mind.
Shall we, they cry, to foreign regions roam,
Or to new realms prefer our native home ?
Their resolution fails ; they cast their eyes
Back to their hive, nor further trust the skies.

Ere this the new-born race, an eager band,
Who left their cells to seek a foreign land,
Engag'd the elders, an experienc'd train,
To plan and organize their infant reign.
But with wise forecast, for the public good,
The household Bees cull'd from the vagrant brood

A tribe for depredation in the field,
To perch on flowers, and glean whate'er they yield,
Lest age should still be forc'd to bear the toil,
Or else anticipate the winter-spoil.

The Queen whene'er she doubts her feeble powers,
Or dreads the tempests, or impending showers,
Sounds a retreat—homeward her march she bends,
There by new levies to increase her friends.
Her army follows her with fond delight,
Admitted inmates for th' ensuing night ;
But when the dawn returns with saffron ray,
The old inhabitants forbid their stay.
And if no lowering clouds deform the sky,
They rise in arms, and bid the truants fly.
The truants proud, to honour still alive,
Scorn to be banish'd from their native hive.
They stand at bay ; contention, strife, and rage,
And civil dudgeon the whole state engage.
But if the victory hangs in even scale,
And neither party can by force prevail,
A truce ensues ; the mansions they divide,
And by that compromise their claims decide.
One party in the upper region dwells,
The rest inhabit all the lower cells.
Their separate interests there they all pursue,
No social love, no public good in view.

N O T E S.

(1) THE ancients agreed in assigning a King to the Bees. Virgil adopted the established opinion, and further says, that the breed is continued without coition, the young being gathered from flowers and the leaves of trees.

Martin, the learned editor of Virgil's Pastorals and Georgics, observes that "The poet's account is by no means consistent with the doctrine of modern philosophers, who assert, that no animal, nor even plant, is produced without a concurrence of the two sexes. It is true that the doctrine of equivocal generation was so generally admitted by the ancients, that it is no wonder Virgil should adopt it. We find the same opinion advanced by Aristotle in his Fifth Book of the History of Animals. But the modern philosophers have been more happy in discovering the nature of these wonderful insects. The labouring Bees do not appear to be of either sex: the Drones are discovered to have the male organs of generation, and the King of the ancients is found to be a Queen, wholly employed in the increase of the family. She lays several thousand eggs every summer, from which is hatched a small white worm, which in due time changes either to a Bee, or a Drone." *Martin 4th Georgic, Note 197.* It may be further observed, that Virgil, according to the general opinion of antiquity, imagined that Bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle; but Martin says, it is not to be conceived that those insects are generated from putrefac-

tion. The truth is, such carcasses are a proper receptacle for the young, and therefore the female parent may chuse there to lay her eggs, that the warmth of the fermenting juices may help to hatch them. *Martin 4th Georgic, Note 295.*

(2) *Rege consumpto marret plebs, ignavo dolore; non cibos convehens, non procedens, tristi tantum murmure glomerantur circa corpus ejus. Subtrahitur itaque diducta multitudine; alias spectantes exanimam luctum non minuunt.* Lib. xi. s. xx.

(3) *Fessum regem humeris sublevant, portantque.*

Lib. xi. s. xvii.

(4) Martin says the Drones are the males, and after the work of generation is over, they are driven from the hive by the Amazons. Pliny says, *Cessantiam inertiam notant, castigant mox, et puniunt morte.* Lib. xi. s. x.

T H E B E E S.

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THE truce does not last long—a civil war ensues—a Queen leads the forces on each side.—Description of the battle—The Queen killed—dejection and grief of her army—peace is made—The elders often foresee impending danger—to prevent a war, they destroy the elder Princess—The Bees, notwithstanding their knowledge of the weather, are often caught in sudden storms, and great numbers perish—The owner of the hive sees the necessity of more ample room, and by enlarging the place, hinders the swarms from sallying forth—The hive, attacked by wild Bees from caves and forests, suffers terrible depredation—When the young Queen is destroyed, the swarms, having lost their leader, never venture to fly abroad—The lazy disposition and luxury of the Drones—In the autumn they are destroyed, or driven away, that they may not devour the stores laid up for winter—The Drones revive in the spring—warmed by the sun, they burst their shells which lay chilled during the winter—they crawl forth, but the animosity of the working Bees still continues, and numbers of the Drones are instantly destroyed—the rest are reserved as the lovers of the Queen—Of all the animals that cohabit with man, none but the Bees know how to provide food for themselves—When the swarms go forth, man should provide hives for them—In the winter the Bees claim every kind of assistance, and in return they give the best example of peace and good order—war and destruction the delight of man.

T H E B E E S.



CANTO III.



BUT the bellig'rent powers no truce can quell,
In the same camp like rival states they dwell,
Intestine feuds the public mind alarm,
And the fierce citizens for tumult arm.
Pent in their hive they scorn a war to wage,
But, at the signal given, with martial rage
Rush to the fields of air, and there display
Their proud battalions, panting for the fray.
To form their ranks both sides impatient fly,
Resolv'd to conquer, or with glory die.
A Queen on either side the troops inspires
With generous ardour, and each bosom fires.
The body-guard, a brave, a faithful band,
Round the Queen-Mother close embodied stand,
Nor from that station are they known to yield,
Till call'd to turn the fortune of the field.

'The young, whom high fermenting spirits guide,
 In flame their partizans with martial pride.
 With rage impetuous they begin the fight ;
 Bees rush on Bees, and friends 'gainst friends unite ;
 Beak points at beak, stings threaten adverse stings,
 Claws clash with claws, wings glitter against wings ;
 'Tis more than civil war ; in hostile rows
 Two kindred armies meet like mortal foes.
 Havoc and uproar rend th' ethereal plain,
 " And the gor'd battle bleeds in every vein."
 O'er all the ranks wild rage and terror bound ;
 They fight, they drop, their bodies strew the ground.
 Not quicker falls in heaps the driven snow,
 From frozen caves when northern tempests blow.
 Bellona stalks in blood ; the fiery soul,
 While the Queen lives, no danger can controul.
 Who takes her life, a phalanx first must slay,
 And sail in blood along th' ethereal way,
 So firm her guards : to fate if(1) she resigns,
 In her the pillar of the state declines.
 Her army sees her fall ; no more they ply
 Their drooping wings ; tears gush from every eye.
 A pause ensues ; no sound, no fierce alarms
 Ring through the air ; they rest upon their arms ;
 No more by valour seek renown to gain ;
 Their love of glory dies, their sovereign slain.
 Farewell the pomp of war ; oppress'd with woe,
 In long procession, melancholy, slow,

Homeward they bend ; there heave a hollow moan,
And view disconsolate the vacant throne.

Unlike those victors fierce with rage and pride,
They now relent, and spare the vanquish'd side.

The parties meet, embrace, are foes no more,
And all the thunder of the war is o'er.

Of their dissensions they forget the cause,
And calm enjoy their country and their laws.

Oft times the wiser few, ere yet too late,
Foresee the dire convulsions of the state ;
And when Sedition talks of a reform,
Of treason they foresee a gathering storm.

Still the Queen Mother's laws her house restrain,
But the young Princess plans a separate reign.

From her ambition to protect the land,
The veterans collect a faithful band.

Her they invest ; they strike the patriot blow,
And send their victim(2) to the shades below.

As when the Turk beholds with jealous eyes
A rival brother near the throne arise ;

The Janizaries join to guard the state,
And by one death ward off their country's fate ;
Or else the Mutes, who round the Sultan stood,
Combine, and strangle for the public good.

But if the rising generation thrive
With large increase, and overflow the live,
The elders to the young assistance grant,
And urge their Queen new colonies to plant.

But still, by patriot cares forever led,
 A want of hands if they begin to dread,
 The Virgin Princess they condemn to die ;
 None then expatriate ; none attempt to fly.

The subtle Bees, if we opine aright,
 Illumin'd from above with heavenly light,
 By sure prognostics from the azure plain,
 Have clear intelligence of storms and rain ;
 And yet, though warn'd, oft times with wild surprise
 See in the atmosphere fierce storms arise.
 Then happy they, with hospitable leaves
 Whom a tree shelters, or a cave receives ;
 Dash'd down on earth the rest afflicted lie,
 O'erwhelm'd by floods, and in the deluge die.

Their loss th' industrious nation soon repairs,
 And oft the owner of the hive prepares
 More ample space, where they may live in peace,
 And by that art bids civil discord cease.
 Their hive enlarg'd the Bees with wonder view,
 And domes and cells to build their toil renew.
 Capacious mansions overjoy'd they find,
 With ware-rooms for their stores of every kind.

The realm of Bees, like every other state,
 Invasions unprovok'd, and big with fate,
 Must oft encounter : from woods wild and drear
 A daring race, ferocious, void of fear,
 Invest the region of mild peace and joy,
 And rob, lay waste, and plunder, and destroy.

As when forth issuing at Ambition's call
Barbarian hords from Scythia, or from Gaul,
By requisitions form their savage bands,
Dispeople realms, and seize the neighboring lands,
Raise contributions, new republics plan,
And call destructive force "The Rights of Man."
Not with less rage the wild ferocious crew
Of Forest-Bees their plundering war pursue.
No pause, no respite ; onward still they drive,
And in their fury burst the peopled hive ;
Pillage the cells before the owner's eyes,
And whosoe'er resists, that moment dies.
Inur'd to rapine, to wild horror bred,
Carnage and plunder through the camp they spread,
Till with blood glutted, loaded with their prey,
Back to their caves the Vandals wing their way.

The state laid desolate, the frugal Bee
Submissive, patient, is constrain'd to see,
The feeble realm unable to defend,
And with a fierce banditti to contend.
The buildings shake ; the tottering walls resound,
Domes, cells, and combs lie level'd with the ground.

If these calamities should now conspire
To urge the discontented to retire,
The crisis warns them, while they see each wall
Rent from its base, and nodding to its fall ;
But they are warn'd in vain ; a Queen no more
Summons her friends new regions to explore ;

She fell a victim ; her sad pensive train
In the same territory still remain,
Wax from the quarry to collect with care,
And with Palladian art the works repair.

While the young citizens for fresh supply
To groves, and meads, and flowery gardens fly,
And redolent of thyme and fragrant spoil
The busy hive resounds with various toil—
The Drones, debauch'd, and idle from their prime,
Who dedicate to Venus all their time,
For other's good unknowing how to feel,
And ever careless of the public weal,
Hid in some close recess consume the day,
Dissolv'd in sloth, and dream the hours away,
Or if the sun with warm and purple light
Glow's in the heavens, and hill and dale invite,
The lazy crew a short excursion make
To the next garden ; there their pleasure take
Midst verdant bowers ; in beds of roses lurk,
Too nice for toil, too delicate for work.
To sip from flowers their aromatic dews—
Such labour coarse their tender nerves refuse.
At ease reclin'd, while birds around them sing,
They taste the fragrance of the blooming spring,
Till hunger calls ; then to their home repair,
And feast on stores design'd for winter-fare.

Mean time the elders, to their country true,
With indignation see the hostile crew ;

Yet ever anxious to secure their end,
 With prudence, till apt season, they suspend
 Their just design : when gathering clouds appear,
 And autumn changes the inverted year,
 A dearth of stores they wisely then foresee,
 And from the sluggish race their precincts free.

As when a Marlborough, or a famous Eugene,
 Round some devoted town their troops convene,
 Ere yet they've rang'd their circumambient lines,
 Their trenches form'd, and subterranean mines ;
 The garrison, with bosoms beating high
 In honour's cause, all danger still defy ;
 Throw wide their gates, and send from war's alarms
 The women and the men unfit for arms ;
 An idle band, inactive, useless, born
 " To roar sedition, and consume the corn."
 Just so the Bees ; when clouds and tempests frown,
 They drive the lazy vermin from their town ;
 Against a winter's siege disgorge the train
 Of Drones(4) or stretch them breathless on the plain.
 There without funeral rites the victims lie,
 A mouldering heap beneath the frozen sky.

The general carnage if a few survive,
 And lurk in sullen mood within the hive,
 A generous amnesty the Bees declare,
 And the offenders' lives with mercy spare.
 But to discard their foes they still insist,
 And to enforce their law their friends enlist.

Four on their shoulders the delinquent bear,
 And leave him helpless in the open air ;
 There soon he dies, chill'd by the piercing breeze,
 And pays for all his luxury and ease.

Yet for the public good some Drones revive ;
 'Tis theirs to say, " let population thrive."
 When the glad spring returns with genial ray,
 And warms the eggs, in which the embryos lay,
 Chill'd by the winter ; then with vital strife
 The Drones begin to struggle into life ;
 In torpid apathy no more they sleep,
 But burst their shells, crawl forth, and wind, and creep.
 Unwelcome guests ! as enemies profess'd
 Whom the industrious citizens detest ;
 Whom as a burthen they despise and hate,
 And crush and murder in their infant state ;
 Till tir'd at length, they quit the furious chase,
 And leave the miscreants for the Queen's embrace.

Of human care the Bees have little need,
 While surer instinct prompts their every deed.
 Though birds and beasts domesticate with man,
 For self-support none like the Bees can plan.
 Of nectar'd sweets the gardens they bereave,
 " Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave ;"
 Repair their domes, and when the works decline,
 Build, like Vitruvius, on their own design ;
 Detain the young, when public use demands,
 Or send them forth to people other lands.

But when a colony new regions tries,
Man then may lend his aid, then grant supplies ;
A safe asylum to the truants give,
Erect new domes, and lure them there to live ;
Around the place bid vernal roses bloom,
And fragrant cassia yield a rich perfume.
Yet more, when northern winds begin to blow,
And the trees bend beneath a weight of snow,
When vegetation pines in every field,
And meadows bound in ice no forage yield ;
When the keen frost pervades all nature's frame,
The helpless animals compassion claim.
Then prove your tenderness, ye generous swains ;
The Bees in time will recompense your pains ;
Teach you their policy, their large increase
In civil union, harmony and peace ;
While man, ambitious, proud, aspiring man,
Makes war and desolation all his plan ;
Sends armies forth his conquests to extend,
Lays nations waste, and calls himself a Friend.

N O T E S.

(1) SUCH is the attention of the Bees to their Queen, that if she happens to die, they will leave off working, and take no further care of posterity. *Goldsmith's Animated Nature, 8th Vol. p. 16.* If the Queen falls in battle, that dreadful event puts an end to the war, without scattering dust among them, as recommended by Virgil.

(2) When the Bees first begin to break their prisons, there are generally above an hundred excluded in one day. Thus in the space of a few weeks, the number of inhabitants in one hive, of moderate size, becomes so great, that there is no room to contain the new comers, who are, therefore, obliged by the old Bees to sally forth in quest of new habitations.

Goldsmith's Animat. Nature, Vol. 8. p. 21.

(3) Towards the latter end of summer, when the hive is sufficiently stored with inhabitants, a most cruel policy ensues. The Drone-Bees, which are generally in a hive to the number of an hundred, are marked for slaughter. These, which had hitherto led a life of indolence and pleasure ; whose only employment was in impregnating the queen, and rioting upon the labours of the hive, without aiding in the general toil, now share the fate of most voluptuaries, and fall a sacrifice to the general resentment of society. The working Bees, in a body, declare war against them, and, in two or three days' time, the ground all round the hive is covered with their dead bodies.

Animat. Nature, Vol. 8. p. 24.

(4) The working Bees will even kill such Drones as are yet in the worm state in the cell, and eject their bodies from the hive, among the general carnage. *Animat. Nature, Vol. 8. p. 24, 25.*

T H E B E E S.

CANTO IV.

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T H E B E E S.



CANTO IV.



TORN by convulsions while the nations groan,
Astræa has not yet resign'd her throne.
A moral race on earth she still maintains,
Where with sound policy fair virtue reigns.
Wish you that happy region to survey?
Cross the Atlantic ; sail to(1) Paraguay.
Mark how the people and their manners please ;
He paints them best, who paints the tribe of Bees.
See from the hive how they transplant their laws,
Like Bees, industrious in their country's cause.

Their fields and pastures know no separate bounds,
And no litigious fences mark the grounds.
For tracts of land no title deeds are shown,
And vile ejectments there are things unknown.
No bonds, no mortgages for money lent,
And no proud landlord can distrain for rent.

All lies in common ; what their crops produce
 Is stor'd in magazines for public use.
 All have their province in the general toil ;
 These guide the state, and those manure the soil.
 Some tend the fold their milk-white flocks to sheer ;
 Along the vale the lowing herds to hear
 The shepherd plods with joy ; th' industrious hind
 Works at the mill, the ripen'd corn to grind.
 With Vulcan's skill some at the forge attend,
 To shape the sickle(2) or the plough-share bend.
 True social concord all their actions show,
 And with warm sympathy their bosoms glow.
 To every rank affection they extend,
 Their neighbour's interest with their own they blend.
 While the swain toils abroad, with anxious care
 They view his cottage, and the works repair.
 The swain at night finds all defects redress'd,
 And with his door unlock'd sinks careless down to rest.

Of sovereign sway the laws no system know ;
 The chiefs to wisdom all their influence owe.
 To their sage counsels(3) men obedience pay,
 And walk secure where virtue leads the way.
 No code of laws they want ; no statesman's art ;
 Their law is grav'd by nature on the heart.
 While private wealth no individuals hold,
 They feel no love of ill-persuading gold.
 The generous mind pale envy never stings ;
 Their only strife from emulation springs.

'Though here the young may bridle their desires
 By that best rule, th' example of their sires ;
 Yet still their minds to polish and refine,
 And give the grace that bids each action shine,
 They call the masters of each liberal art,
 Men, who can true philosophy impart ;
 Who teach the rules, which long the test have stood,
 Of that best science to be wise and good.
 The chiefs elected by the public voice
 By wisdom strive to justify the choice ;
 While the inhabitants for work design'd,
 Practise the arts that form the laboring hind.
 No vain pre-eminence of rank they know,
 No Lords, no Commoners, nor high, nor low.
 The ploughman's industry, the soldier's fame
 To praise and honour give an equal claim.

Though Ceres spreads her gifts with lavish hand,
 And peace her olive branch waves o'er the land ;
 Though grim-eyed war sleeps in his iron cave,
 And their foes dread them, for they know them brave—
 Yet this wise people watchful of alarms
 Are vigilant, and prompt to rise in arms.
 But still they joy in bidding discord cease,
 Ready for war, yet readier far for peace ;
 In that firm attitude their state protect,
 From insult safe, while valour gains respect.

To train their troops(4) when leisure can afford;
 The farmers quit the plough-share for the sword.

On sacred days, when wafted to the skies
Their hymns and pealing organs[5] cease to rise ;
When their devotion ends its pious strain,
The volunteers embodied seek the plain.
In martial order as they move along,
To view their dicipline the people throng,
Admiring gaze, with military pride
As now their ranks they close, and now divide ;
Now point their javelins, and now aim the lance,
And with dissembled rage retreat, advance ;
In various evolutions skill display,
And give a battle in their mimic fray.

The Spaniard, o'er that clime who holds his reign,
Well knows their valour in th' embattled plain ;
And lately saw, when he their aid requir'd,
The bands with warlike emulation fir'd ;
Saw them spring up, like Cadmus' earth-born crew,
When from the sod an iron harvest grew ;
Saw them performing wonders in the field,
Mow down the ranks, and force the foe to yield.
For feats like these no honours they demand,
But home return, and take the spade in hand.

Her heroes Rome to demi-gods may raise,
And tuneful poets celebrate their praise ;
Sing their dictators chosen from the plough
And weave immortal chaplets for their brow ;
Tell, while their battles Cincinnatus fought,
How the wise senate in his absence thought

His house and farm requir'd the ablest hands,
To give the victor his well cultur'd lands.
They were his farmers ; for his private gain
Tended his flock, his plants, his household train.

At Paraguay no separate lands we see,
But for the public all is held in fee.
They love the warrior, in his country's cause
Who draws his sword for freedom and the laws.
The warriors there the scythe or javelin wield,
Soldiers in camp and laborers in the field.
Yet they've no property,[6] no private claim,
No Sabine farm, where they enjoy their fame.
Hear this, Old Rome, and blush, however late,
For your Patrician and Equestrian state.

Whene'er the season rough with storms appears,
His private loss no individual fears.
When torrents from the hills rush down amain,
And meditate destruction to the grain,
Alarm'd for all, he hears the deluge roar,
Feels for the state, and thinks of self no more.
Not rich, when round him ripen'd crops appear ;
Not poor, when lost the promise of the year ;
But still, let fortune smile, or prove unkind,
He holds the even balance of his mind.

Of Europe, and her states, and various ways,
In happy ignorance they pass their days ;
Content against their foes to make a stand,
And chase all sects, all atheists from the land.

Around their harbours[7] cottages they keep,
 Built on the margin of the brawling deep ;
 There with kind aid the mariners supply,
 But further hospitality deny.
 His road no traveller must there pursue,
 Their laws, their manners, and their towns to view.

While thus they live, unknowing, and unknown,
 Free from the ills that make poor mortals groan ;
 Fame, with whom fictions more than truth prevail,
 To Europe flies, and spreads her wonderous tale ;
 Tells how Ignatius' sons,[8] in every crime
 Grown bold, are tyrants in the western clime ;
 Usurpers, and apostates from their God,
 Who rule the Indians with an iron rod.
 Europe believes what lying rumours say,
 Though suffering hence herself beneath the rising day ;
 Driven from Japan her sons, how great her loss,
 While the Batavians trample on the cross,
 Through base apostacy their station hold
 In every port, and truck their God for gold.

At Paraguay no colonies you'll find
 Combin'd to plunder, and oppress mankind ;
 Nor laws, nor men allow despotic sway,
 But thee, FAIR VIRTUE ! thee all ranks obey.

Benighted long, all sacred truth unknown,
 With savage herds, themselves as savage grown,
 The natives roam'd, no duty understood,
 Fierce, naked, wild, mere tenants of the wood,

Till late instructed in the Christian lore
 They hail their God, fall prostrate, and adore.
 Fair peace and moral laws they now maintain,
 And harmony and virtue round them reign.

These arts Ignatius' sons,[9] these pious deeds
 Spring from your zeal—your mission thus succeeds.
 You draw th' untutor'd Indians from their den,
 The truth impart, and mould them into men.
 To God you give, what his own SON design'd,
 When on the cross, to bitter pangs resign'd,
 He died in agony for all mankind. }
 Your duty done, you seek(10) no worldly store ;
 Your conscience pays you and you ask no more.

Thrice happy they o'er whom you thus preside,
 Reclaim from error, and to virtue guide ;
 Who taught by you, their industry employ,
 And in the public good their own enjoy ;
 Who to their neighbours sacrifice their ease,
 And take their model from the REALM OF BEES.

N O T E S.

(1) PARAGUAY is a province of South America, bounded by Brazil on the east, and by Peru and Chili on the west. It is sometimes called La Plata, from the river of that name, which rises in Peru, and running a long course, falls into the Paraguay near Buenos Ayres, where their united stream discharges itself into the Atlantic Ocean. The author of the European Settlements in America (who, Doctor Robertson says, ought not to remain unknown, as his work would do honour to any man in England) informs us, that, early in the last century, the Jesuits represented to the court of Spain, that the empire of the gospel might be extended into the most unknown parts of America, and that all those countries might be reduced to his Catholic Majesty's obedience, without expense, and without force. The remonstrance was listened to with attention; the sphere of the Jesuits was marked out; an uncontrolable liberty was given to them within those limits; and the governors of the adjacent provinces had orders not to interfere. The Jesuits entered upon the scene of action, and opened their spiritual campaign. They began by gathering together about fifty wandering families, whom they persuaded to settle, and they united them into a little township. Upon this slight foundation they built a superstructure, which has amazed the world, and added so much power, that it has brought great envy and jealousy on their society. When they had made a beginning, they laboured with such indefatigable pains, and with such masterly policy, that, by degrees, they mollified the minds of the most savage nations; fixed the most rambling, and attracted the most averse to government. They prevailed upon thousands of various dispersed tribes of people to embrace their religion, and submit to their government.

When they had submitted, the Jesuits left nothing undone, that could induce them to remain in subjection, or that could tend to increase their number. It is said, that from such inconsiderable beginnings, their subjects, several years ago, amounted to three hundred thousand families. They accomplished a most extraordinary conquest over the bodies and minds of so many people, without arms or violence, and differently from the methods of all other conquests; not by cutting off a large part of the inhabitants, to secure the rest, but by multiplying the people, whilst they extended their territory.

European Settlements, Vol. II. p. 278.

(2) The Indians, under the Jesuits, lived in towns; they were regularly clad; they laboured in agriculture; they exercised manufactures.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 280.

(3) The country of Paraguay is divided into forty-seven districts: in each mission a Jesuit presides in chief: the magistrates are always Indians, elected by the people, and approved by the presiding Jesuit. Nothing can equal the obedience of the people of the several missions, except their contentment under them.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 283.

(4) The Indians are instructed in the military line with the most exact discipline, and can raise sixty thousand men well armed.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 280.

(5) Their churches are particularly grand, and richly adorned; and service in them is performed with all the solemnity and magnificence of a cathedral.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 282.

(6) Each man's labour is allotted to him in proportion to his strength, or his skill in the profession which he exercises. The product is brought faithfully into the public magazines, from which he is again supplied with all things that the managers judge to be expedient for the sustenance of himself and family. All necessaries are distributed regularly twice a week, and the magazines always contain such a stock of provisions and goods of every kind, as to answer not only the ordinary exigencies, but to provide against a time of scarcity, or for those whom accidents, age, or infirmities have disqualified for labour.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 282.

(7) The Jesuits are said to be extremely strict in preserving the privilege of keeping all strangers from amongst them. If any such should by accident, or in his journey arrive in the country of the missions, he is immediately carried to the Presbytery, where he is treated, for a day or two at most, with great hospitality, but regarded with no less circumspection. The curiosities of the place are showed him in company with the Jesuit, and he can have no private conversation with any of the natives. In a reasonable time, he is civilly dismissed with a guard to conduct him to the next district, without expense, where he is treated in the same manner, until he is out of the country of the Missions. *Ibid. Vol. II. p. 284.*

(8) Many have represented the conduct of the Jesuits in this mission in a very bad light; but their reflections are not at all supported by the facts, upon which they build them. To judge properly of the service they have done their people, we must not consider them on a parallel with the flourishing nations of Europe, but as compared with their neighbours, the savages of South America, or with the state of those Indians, who groan under the Spanish yoke. Considering the matter in this, which is the true light, it will appear, that human society is infinitely obliged to the Jesuits, for adding three hundred thousand families in a well regulated community, in the room of a few vagabond untaught savages, whom they found in the beginning of their mission. And indeed it can scarce be conceived that the government had not some very extraordinary perfection, which had a principle of increase within itself; which drew others to unite themselves to the old stock, and which continued, for so many years, to shoot out in a luxuriance of new branches. Nor can we, by any means, blame a system, which produced such salutary effects, and which has found that difficult, but happy way, that grand desideratum in politics, of uniting a perfect subjection to an entire content and satisfaction of the people. This great and generous principle it is to be wished were studied with more attention by us, who content ourselves with railing at the diligence of an adversary, which, when founded on moral rectitude, we should rather

praise and imitate ; and who, in our own affairs, seldom think of using other instruments than force and money.

Ibid. Vol. II. p. 285.

(9) Vaniere, it may be said, gives in this place, with partiality to his own order, a high-flown panegyric on the missionaries of Paraguay. But when we have seen him, in the whole tenor of the foregoing notes, supported by the able and well-informed author of the Settlements in America, it must be allowed, that our Poet does not exceed the bounds of truth, but pays a tribute of applause where it was justly due.

(10) The extraordinary, and, indeed, wonderful commonwealth, established by the Jesuits, must have been conducted with wisdom, virtue, and benevolence, since it continued flourishing and increasing more than a century and a half, up to the time of its dissolution in the year 1767, when that glorious fabric vanished in a day. It appears that in the year 1757, by a convention between Spain and Portugal, part of the territory of Paraguay was assigned to the latter ; but the Indians, who occupied the ceded country, refused to be transferred from one hand to another, like an herd of cattle, without their own consent. A fierce battle ensued, and the natives were defeated by well disciplined European troops. From that time, the Jesuits were beheld with a jealous eye by the Spanish court, and, at length, in 1767, they were seized by order of the King of Spain, and sent out of America, leaving the Indians to experience for the future the rigours of Spanish tyranny, instead of that mild and equitable government, which had for a length of time preserved peace and virtue, and, by consequence, public happiness.

The present writer has been assiduous in collecting the notes, because Vaniere, who has proved himself the Historian of the Bees, will also appear to be the faithful Historian of Paraguay ; a subject more connected with the Bees than Virgil's Story of Orpheus and Eurydice.

THE END.



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